THE SPEAKER

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THERE has been a marked revival of political activity during the past week. The most important meeting has been that of the National Liberal Federation, at Cardiff, where Lord Rosebery and Mr. Bryce have been the principal speakers; while Sir George Trevelyan has spoken at Glasgow, and Mr. Balfour has addressed his constituents at Manchester. The speech of the Prime Minister, at Cardiff, was not to be delivered until last night, and we are therefore unable to comment upon it. Mr. Balfour made a very vigorous, not to say violent, speech at Manchester, and he certainly did not spare his opponents. We imagine that he must have been acting under direct pressure from Mr. Chamberlain when he announced that the policy of the united Imperialist party was to be one of preservation of the Empire, accompanied by attention to social questions. It is a pity that he did not explain the methods by which he sought to "preserve the Empire" when he was at the Irish Office. They were denounced at the time as "damnable" by some of his personal adherents, and they kept Ireland, during his ill-starred rule of that country, in a state of chronic and determined rebellion. We are sorry that none of his constituents thought it necessary to ask Mr. Balfour what he thinks of Mr. Morley's success in governing Ireland, and keeping it at peace without resorting either to "shadowing," battering-rams, or police volleys, and without finding it necessary to inflict imprisonment and physical outrage upon a single man among his political opponents.

THE proceedings at Cardiff on Thursday showed that the Liberal delegates were absolutely united on the questions of policy put before them, and were just as enthusiastic on the subject of the House of Lords as they were at Leeds last summer. Mr. Bryce, who was the chief speaker at Cardiff, can have had no reason to complain of lukewarmness on the part of his audience, whilst Mr. Herbert Paul succeeded in stirring the delegates to an unusual outburst of enthusiasm by his strikingly clever and incisive arraignment of the Peers. Whilst these spirited addresses were being delivered at Cardiff, two speeches were being made in other places. At Greenwich, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman delivered an address to the Radical Club, in which he poured ridicule upon the fables by means of which the Opposition are seeking to raise their spirits; and at Manchester Mr. Balfour again addressed his constituents in language that was singularly dull and disappointing. We greatly regret to see the terms in which he referred to the vexed question of the Cotton Duties. No doubt that question is a difficult one for a Manchester Member; but we might reasonably have hoped that a man of Mr. Balfour's high place in his party and in the State would have regarded the subject from a loftier and more impartial position than that of the representative of Manchester.

ANOTHER meeting of the Cabinet took place on Wednesday. It was not attended by the alarums and departures of the previous week. The absurd rumours as to the resignation of Sir William Harcourt have died away, and even the credulous conductors of Tory evening newspapers have ceased to interest themselves in these inventions. But an attempt has been made to prove that Ministers have only escaped from a Cabinet crisis on the question of the Navy by abandoning the principles they avowed when in Opposition. Nothing can be more remote from the truth. Lord Rosebery and his colleagues adhere to every word of criticism they have uttered regarding the cowardly policy of the Naval Defence Act, and they will certainly not be found asking Parliament to grant them leave to throw the burden of the payment of our current expenditure on ship-building upon other years. But, as we explained some weeks ago, Parliament last year agreed to a serious expenditure upon permanent works. The expenditure already authorised amounts to close upon five millions. Inquiry has convinced the experts that, large as this amount is, it is not sufficient to meet the necessities of the case. In these circumstances, it seems not unnatural that Ministers, in dealing with the construction of these great permanent works—docks, harbours, piers, and fortifications—should follow established precedent, and raise the money required by a loan. We do not know what decision the Cabinet has arrived at; but we do know that there would be nothing antagonistic to the principles of Liberal finance if Ministers were to adopt this method of obtaining the funds for this particular purpose. It should be borne in mind, in connection with this subject, that Lord George Hamilton and his Board persistently starved the permanent works department of the Navy during their term of office.

AMONG the speeches that were to have been delivered this week was one by the Duke of Argyll at Glasgow. A serious attack of illness, however, prevented the Duke from completing his speech after

he had commenced it. Liberals have every reason to complain of the language and temper which are habitual with the Duke in his political utterances. But we cannot forget either his remarkable abilities or the part he played when he was a faithful member of the Liberal party, and we can but hope that he will speedily be fully restored to health.

We always read with attention, and frequently with amusement, the judgments passed by foreign critics on the political situation in these islands. But the most remarkable criticism of the kind we remember to have seen is embodied in an elaborate article published last week by the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*—a paper which, we believe, is the organ of Catholic democracy on the Lower Rhine. That paper gravely assures its readers that, what with Lord Rosebery's uncertain utterances on the subject of the House of Lords, the advocacy of the Sessional Veto, in order to capture the middle classes, by a "doctrinaire Liberal paper, The Speaker," the dissatisfaction of the *Daily Chronicle*, and the proposals for the reform of the Lords made in Conservative quarters, the position of the Liberal party is so uncertain that it has become necessary to draw off public attention from domestic politics and, as of old, "tickle Albion's pride once more"—by hymning the praises of the new Tsarevna, and proclaiming the Anglo-Russian understanding! Unfortunately, the dates alone are quite enough to demolish this brilliant *résumé* of the situation. But it may serve as an admirable warning of the dangers attendant on that German historical criticism which has produced such admired results in the reconstruction of antiquity. Ancient history, generally speaking, must perforce be treated thus, because the historian has before him a few detached pieces of information which he must somehow bring into relation, and which constitute all his available evidence. When, however, his readers can check him by many more facts and dates than are usually accessible even to a Curtius or a Mommsen, his hypothesis is apt to contrast rather oddly with the truth.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Asquith received "the largest deputation that had ever waited on any member of a Government." It consisted of three hundred trade union delegates, and made at least fifty distinct demands, embodying a selection from the resolutions passed at the last Trade Union Congress—not including those Collectivist proposals for which that body diverged into the world of undesirable ideals, and from which Mr. Asquith took occasion to intimate his emphatic dissent. Most of the demands made on Wednesday were, indeed, eminently practical and reasonable; and Mr. Asquith, though naturally unable to deal with each in detail—many of them, indeed, being either purely political or falling within the province of other departments—was able to give satisfactory assurances on many of the points raised, in particular on the amendment of the law of conspiracy, the need of further and more detailed factory inspection, the remnants or new growths of the truck system which still beset certain trades. He was able to promise, too, in general terms, that the State would do its best to become a model employer, and to redress the often-alleged grievance of sweating in Government departments, whenever any specific evidence of its existence was adduced. And he did well in entering his emphatic protest against the denunciation of alien immigration into which the last Congress allowed itself to be misled. The proceedings, indeed, afforded an excellent illustration both of the practical demands which are wanted from trade unionists, and of the bad economics which are not.

The preparations for the election of the London County Council next March are now proceeding apace. The "Moderate" party has adopted a programme of its own, upon the character of which it is impossible to congratulate its authors. It goes as far in the "Progressive" direction as its promoters dare; and thereby it must give dire offence to all genuine Conservatives. But when its terms are closely examined it will be seen that there is nothing genuine in the profession of Progressive principles that it contains, and that it cannot fail to disappoint any who imagine that a Moderate Council would be really not less liberal than a Progressive. Both sides are now enrolling their candidates for the coming struggle. One distinguished name will not be found in the list of the Progressive candidates. This is Lord Rosebery, who feeling, doubtless, that a Prime Minister of England has no right to allow himself to be involved in an election of this kind, has determined not to stand at the coming election. We regret his decision, both for the sake of the Council and for his own. There can be no doubt that the important part he has played in connection with the development of self-government in London has brought him into more intimate relations with large masses of his fellow-countrymen than would have been possible under other circumstances, and these relations have undoubtedly increased his political experience and knowledge. But it is impossible to question the validity of his reason for retiring. We can only hope he will have a not unworthy successor.

The Anti-Gambling League has taken a strong step in beginning proceedings against the stewards of the Jockey Club for permitting betting in the rings on Newmarket Heath. Their action seems to be regarded as audacious in the extreme by the patrons of the Turf. But, as a matter of fact, the League has acted in the only logical and straightforward way by thus striking direct at the fountain-head of the English betting system. We can never hope to suppress the monstrous evils of the sporting taverns and the roadside betting men until it has been established by law that betting is just as illegal when carried on by men of wealth and rank in the sacred enclosures at Newmarket as when it is indulged in by apprentices and servant-girls in the back-parlours of London public-houses. We have, of course, no right to prejudge the case against the stewards of the Jockey Club, or to indulge in conjectures as to the result of the step now taken. But we are inclined to applaud rather than to decry the action of the Anti-Gambling League, and we must express the hope that they will be courageous enough to follow up that action by taking proceedings against the newspapers through whose agency the betting system is so largely maintained.

The finish of the third match between England and Australia last Tuesday is a check to the patriotic cricketers who thought that the ascendancy of the Englishmen had been established by the first two matches. It was altogether an inglorious game for Mr. Stoddart's team, and the apologist looks in vain for adequate excuses. The Englishmen broke down in both innings, the bowling of Giffen proving altogether too much for them on the first occasion, and that of Albert Trott on the second. The rapid collapse in the second innings was, indeed, very much like the failure of the Australians at the end of the last match, and equally without ostensible cause. The wicket was good and the weather "fine and pleasant," instead of fiercely hot as on the first day. That a team which played the finest of all uphill games less than a month ago should have ended on this occasion 380 runs in arrear would be sufficiently puzzling, except that the thing which cricketers call "rot" is never at any time amenable to reason. The hero of the match was undoubtedly Albert Trott, who made 110 runs (twice not out), and had a hand in no less than nine wickets in the Englishmen's second innings.

Iredale's 140 and Giffen's performances both with bat and ball, were also very notable. Two matches remain, and we still hold that the Englishmen ought to win at least one of them, unless they have gone "stale." A team playing incessantly from week to week is always liable to bad intervals, and the Australian sun, moreover, increases the wear and tear to men who are not accustomed to the climate.

THE terrible colliery disaster at Audley, in Staffordshire, last Monday afternoon, recalls in its leading features the entombment of those Welsh miners for whose rescue England waited during nine days of breathless suspense in 1877. On Monday an inrush of water—due, it is conjectured, to too close proximity to old and disused workings, in consequence of an error in the plans of the colliery—drowned a number of men in the lowest portion of the mine and cut off the retreat of a number (it was hoped, a much larger number) of others in the higher portions. Unfortunately, all efforts to reach the imprisoned men have proved futile, and there is now no prospect of saving them. The rescue work has been attended by the utmost difficulty, and has demanded and secured a high degree of endurance and of courage—indeed, of heroism—on the workers. These qualities are not often found wanting in such crises, and afford a welcome illustration of that vast reserve of moral strength which, in spite of the pessimists, is inherent in mankind.

ABROAD.

FRANCE seemed during the early part of this week to be once more on the verge of revolution. The defeat of the Dupuy Cabinet on Monday afternoon—a defeat virtually invited by their conduct—was followed late on Tuesday evening by the announcement that, despite all efforts to the contrary, the President had resigned his office. It is not difficult to explain the step, but it is quite impossible to justify it. It is true that M. Casimir-Périer, during his "two hundred days" of office, has seen enough of the byways of French politics to be sickened of political life, that he has been a target for the foulest abuse, that his life and (what is worse) those of his children have been believed to be in daily peril. But for all that a strong man would have remained at his post, and if the Chamber did not protect him would have dissolved it and appealed to the country for a vote of confidence. Happily, the Constitution provides that his office, when vacant, shall be speedily filled. As we point out elsewhere, the result of the election cannot at present be taken as marking more than the beginning of the recovery. We know that M. Felix Faure is a capable administrator, the architect of his own fortunes, and probably, therefore, more impervious to abuse than the unfortunate millionaire whom the Socialists have been pleased to call the "Vampire of Anzin." But we know little more of him than this; while we know enough of M. Brisson, and even of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, to feel greater confidence in the capacities of either for the office.

THE election, it is clear, is another blow, and a heavy one, to that "Republican concentration," now becoming antiquated, of which M. Brisson was the chosen champion. The disappearance of that "concentration" means, after all, that the Republic is established beyond the necessity of defence, and that it is time to choose some new basis of division. Meantime, we can only hope that the political atmosphere may be cleared by the storm, and that the country may rouse itself from the apathy which has secured the success of former *coups d'état*, but which was replaced by such energy of lawful activity when MacMahon threatened the Republic in 1877.

As we go to press we are informed by a telegram from a well-informed correspondent at Paris that, among the Centre at any rate, the result of the election is regarded as reassuring. M. Brisson, a Senator of that group tells our correspondent, would have been a prisoner in the hands of the Socialists, and so unable to display that strength with which he is generally credited. Moreover, our informant tells us that there are grave suspicions that the trials of M. Casimir-Perier's life at the Elysée have broken down his mental strength. His letter of resignation, indeed, is stated to have been unintelligible in parts. In any case he is considered to have proved himself wanting in character and intelligence, and his retirement is regarded with satisfaction among his former supporters.

THE causes which led to the fall of the Dupuy Cabinet on Monday last are now such ancient history that it is worth while recalling them to public attention. Six months ago—to be precise it was on June 23rd, 1894, the day before the assassination of President Carnot—a debate took place in the Chamber on the question of the duration of the Government guarantee of interest to the Orleans and the Southern Railway Companies. (The latter, the Chemin de Fer du Midi, must not be confounded with the Chemin de Fer du Sud, a smaller line with a much larger scandal.) M. Barthou, the Minister of Public Works, had held that it terminated in 1914, and requested the companies to specify that date in their bonds and share certificates. The view of the companies, based on the renewal in 1883, when M. Raynal (who is, unfortunately, of Jewish extraction) was Minister of Public Works, was that the guarantee lasted till the end of their concessions—*i.e.*, respectively till 1956 and 1960. The matter then, amid general approval, was referred to a judicial body, the Council of State. Last Friday that body decided against the Government on what is, after all, a subordinate part of the question—that is to say, simply that the companies need not specify the date 1914 in their bonds and share certificates as that of the termination of the guarantee. Hereupon an outcry that the State stood to lose precisely 1,200,000,000 francs—a purely hypothetical loss, of course, contingent on its being necessary to pay the guarantees in full every year from 1914 till the end of the concession, which is very improbable—a demand for the prosecution of M. Raynal for corruption, an attack on the Government for having referred the question to the Council of State at all, and, finally, the resignation of M. Barthou and defeat of the Ministry through the secession or abstention of a certain number of Deputies, who were apparently frightened out of their wits at the prospect of being told they were in the pay of the railway monopolists.

THOUGH the misleading summary of the charges against Signor Crispi furnished by the *Times* correspondent and commented on by us last week has effectually deceived the English press, it is quite clear that the forces of opposition are gaining strength in Italy. On Sunday Signor Zanardelli, not long ago Signor Crispi's faithful ally and second in command, delivered an elaborate and forcible attack at Brescia, not on the personal character of his former chief, but upon his contempt for Parliament, the Constitution, and public rights. Moreover, though the polls, unfortunately, were very small, as usual, two bye-elections held on Sunday resulted in Ministerial defeats. At Palermo Signor Bosco, one of the Sicilian revolutionists now in prison, defeated a Moderate candidate by 990 votes against 600. At Budrio, Signor Costa, the Opposition candidate, beat General Mirri, who had official support, by 1479 votes against 1474. Here, however, a second ballot

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

will be requisite. Moreover, a disciplinary court of fifty judges, convoked in Rome to censure one of their number for protesting against a recent Ministerial ordinance concerning the transfer of magistrates to new posts—a process of which an unpleasantly significant instance was afforded in the Marescalchi case, to which we referred last week—has vindicated the independence of the order by unanimously refusing to inflict the censure demanded. And, finally, though the latest accounts are very favourable, reports of the Italian victory in Abyssinia were not at first altogether credited, and so did not prove of great advantage to the Government. On the other hand, the assassination of the Public Prosecutor at Milan is just one of those events which are a godsend to Coercionists.

THE German Anti-Revolutionary Bill has, after all, escaped summary rejection, but it is expected to emerge from the special committee of twenty-eight members, to which it has been referred, so modified as to be almost past recognition. Prince Hohenlohe's speech in the debate rather tends to confirm the impression that he is only an *ad interim* Chancellor; and his visit to Prince Bismarck probably—considering the advanced age of both parties—means little more than the return of Count Herbert Bismarck to a diplomatic career. Indeed, he is spoken of as a possible Ambassador to Vienna.

WHAT the Government may expect from the majority of the Chamber under present circumstances is shown by the passing of the law for the recall of the Jesuits as an order, which was not, indeed, strongly resisted by the Government, but was opposed by all the parties who always give Ministers their faithful support.

THE Ministerial crisis in Hungary has terminated in a manner which, so far as the Parliamentary world is concerned, is eminently satisfactory to the Liberal party and extremely irritating to its Ultramontane opponents. Baron Banffy, lately the President of the Chamber, who is expected to be in some respects a stronger man than M. Wekerle, and, withal, a Protestant, becomes Premier; and M. Szilagyi, the late Minister of Justice, who was of all Liberals the most detested by the Ultramontanes in Hungary and their allies at Court in Vienna, succeeds to the Presidency of the Chamber, and must thus be brought on the occasion of the next crisis into direct relations with his recalcitrant Sovereign. At the same time the non-Magyar races and the outside world have to be reckoned with, and therefore it is quite premature to sing pæans of triumph over the result.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

DR. BIRKBECK HILL'S sojourn in Massachusetts in the autumn of 1893 has borne good fruit in "Harvard College, by an Oxonian" (Macmillan). It is a sympathetic sketch of the American Cambridge by one who knows Oxford well from his undergraduate experiences, and has had the opportunity of studying its developments thirty years afterwards as a resident graduate. The book is extremely interesting, full of curious detail as to the early history of the College and college life, and providing much information as to the society and teaching of the University of Longfellow, Lowell, and Emerson, and much illustration from and comparison with English University life, not always to the advantage of the latter. Harvard, for instance, has done her best to emancipate her better men from the tyranny of those rigidly uniform courses of study that have pressed so hardly on American colleges in general, and that her elder sisters in England, in spite of all talk about research, are doing more and more to rivet on their students, diminishing their value meanwhile by that conscientious over-teaching of which he justly complains as a feature of modern Oxford. And he makes a forcible appeal to those older Universities to open their doors widely to the American students who now throng to Germany, and so establish a new bond between the Mother Country and her eldest daughter.

IF it were more generally known how full of interest are the photographs of parts of the heavens taken with even small lenses, many more cameras would certainly be at work in that direction. It is true that some arrangement must be made for mounting the camera properly, so as to allow for the motion of the earth, but this is by no means a very great difficulty. Long-exposure photographs with portrait lenses have revolutionised, and indeed are still revolutionising our ideas of the way in which matter in space is arranged. Most interesting were the photographs that Max Wolff, of Heidelberg, obtained of different regions of the Milky Way; the negatives displayed a simple mass of stars and nebulosities, reminding one of the lines:—

> "Regions of lucid matter, taking form:
> Brushes of fire, hazy gleams;
> Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
> Of suns and starry streams."

Professor W. H. Pickering also, in 1888, drew attention to the most curious and far-extending nebulosity that he obtained when exposing plates to the great nebula in Orion. Quite recently Professor Barnard has drawn attention to these photographs again. With a lens of one inch and a half in diameter he has taken photographs of this nebula, giving the plates two hours and one hour and a quarter respectively. The resulting pictures are of great interest, since they show that the nebula reaches to a far greater extent in the constellation than was ever dreamt of. Dr. Common's and Roberts' photographs were generally looked upon as revelations, but the present photographs simply tell us that the nebula, as generally meant, is only a fraction of a great far-reaching nebulous mass. That such work should have been accomplished with such a small lens is quite natural, when one considers that it is a question of contrast. Such a phenomenon as the Zodiacal Light, for instance, is seen best with the naked eye; so, with the delicate differences of shades of nebulous matter, the aperture has to be considerably reduced to obtain the requisite contrast.

OBITUARY.

IT is not vouchsafed to many men to leave their mark so decidedly on the opinion of their generation as it has been to Professor Seeley—we know him better by his older title—whose death was announced on Tuesday last. Those of us who are old enough to remember the theological tempest excited by "Ecce Homo"—a book of which the authorship was the problem of more than one publishing season—may, perhaps, regard its history chiefly as marking a stage in religious freedom of speech. Looking back on it, however, we incline to think posterity will regard it as an important factor in that transition from the abstract to the concrete in Christianity, and from the individual to the collective aspect in ethics, which is one of the most notable phenomena in our time. We do not think the change is wholly for good by any means, but we must leave future generations to find that out. And his "Expansion of England," as everybody knows, was one of the most potent influences in converting Englishmen to that due recognition of the grandeur of their Empire, in which the present generation of Liberals contrasts, as a rule, so conspicuously with the past. Other causes, of course, have helped. We do not count among them the activity of the Jingoes

or of most of the prophets of Imperial Federation. There has been more travel, more intercourse, better knowledge. But among the literary influences there is no question that Professor Seeley's brilliant little work is first.

DR. THOMAS GORDON HAKE, the friend of Dante Rossetti, had achieved a high reputation among poets and competent critics for the beauty of his verse, which was, however, little known to the general reading public.—The Most Rev. Lawrence Gillooly, D.D., Bishop of Elphin, was the senior member of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland.—Archdeacon Blakeney, D.D., had done much for Church extension, especially in Sheffield.—Professor Wilhelm Arndt, of Leipzig, was an eminent palæographer, and had edited various early mediæval historians, including Gregory of Tours.—Professor Karl Haushofer, Director of the Munich Polytechnicum, was a distinguished mineralogist and expert in scientific metallurgy.—Mr. John O'Neill had long been a valued contributor to our columns, latterly, for the most part, of reviews; at an earlier date sometimes under the signature of "Un Agriculteur de France." His knowledge of French literature and of the byways of French history was exceptionally large and varied, and on mythology and folklore, in particular, he was entitled to rank as an expert. He was an able and brilliant writer, and his loss will be severely felt in many departments of periodical literature.

LIBERALISM AT CARDIFF.

WE have to write of the Cardiff meeting of the National Liberal Federation without having the advantage of knowing what Lord Rosebery said last night. It is impossible therefore to make any comment upon the speech of the Prime Minister. But the proceedings at Cardiff and the report of the Federation which was presented to the meeting of delegates throw valuable light upon the present position of the party and its immediate prospects. If we were to believe our opponents, who have this week found their chief spokesman in Mr. Balfour, we should be driven to the conclusion that Liberalism was about to undergo a great and possibly a final eclipse. Judging by the comments of Tory speakers and Tory writers in the Press, there was never a moment when the Liberal party was at a lower ebb than it is at present. The Government, we are told, is already doomed, and Messrs. Tadpole and Taper, of the Carlton and Constitutional Clubs, have already to their own entire satisfaction constructed the Ministry that is to take its place. It is curious to contrast the state of feeling which thus unquestionably exists in the ranks of the Opposition with that which was made manifest at the great gathering of representative Liberals at Cardiff. The doomed party, it is clear, has at least no consciousness of its impending fate. Political enthusiasm has seldom run higher than it did at this meeting, nor has it often been the case in the past that Liberalism showed itself to be more thoroughly united in its aims or more clear as to the immediate steps to be taken in order to secure them. Cardiff has shown, in fact, that there is just as much of vitality and just as much of earnestness in the rank-and-file of the Liberal party at this moment as there has been at any particular period for years past. It has shown also that what the party most desires and most needs is earnest leadership. That leadership it is obtaining from Lord Rosebery and his principal colleagues, and its great want is thus being supplied. We may not yet have entirely recovered from the tremendous shock of Mr. Gladstone's retirement. It is too much to expect that those who had for years followed the leadership of that illustrious statesman should in a week or a month become entirely reconciled to his absence from our councils. But every day that passes is a day gained so far as this point is concerned. More and more the Liberals of Great Britain are becoming convinced that they have found a worthy successor to Mr. Gladstone in Lord Rosebery, and that they may trust him as implicitly as they trusted their former leader. If Cardiff has done nothing else, it has helped to make this fact clear to the world at large, and in doing so it has rendered a signal service to the great cause of Liberalism.

The one central theme at Cardiff—as in every place where Liberals are gathered together at present—was the question of the House of Lords. The magnitude of that question was hardly at first realised by those who were eager to take it up; but the more freely it has been discussed the more fully reformers have recognised that they have to deal with a problem the gravity and importance of which outweigh that of almost any other question that has been submitted to the electors of England since the passing of the first Reform Bill. There are those among our opponents who seem to think that our recognition of this fact implies discouragement and timidity on our part. We do not know upon what grounds they base this absolutely false deduction. As a matter of fact, the more nearly we approach the moment of conflict, the more resolute the Liberal party shows itself in its determination to deal in a thorough and radical spirit with the evil which it seeks to remove from the national life. Our opponents taunt us with what they declare to be our want of enthusiasm on this question. If any of them had been present at Cardiff this week they would hardly have complained of any deficiency of this description. So far as the men who have hitherto formed the backbone of the Liberal party are concerned, it is not want of enthusiasm, but rather excess of it, that has been displayed. But we are entitled to turn the tables upon our critics and to ask them, as they profess to have discovered a lack of enthusiasm on our side, where the enthusiasm on their own part is to be found. We do not deny that there is plenty of eagerness amongst them for a return to the sweets of office, such as they are. Nor do we dispute the fact that they are exceedingly anxious to bring about our defeat. But who amongst them has spoken with enthusiasm in favour of the House of Lords, and who among those whom they address can be expected to be enthusiastic on its behalf? They themselves must be conscious of the fact that the House of Lords has not a single disinterested friend in the constituencies of the United Kingdom. It has friends and supporters in abundance among those who cling to it because they believe that it will serve their own selfish interests; but no single man, either among leaders or followers in the ranks of the Opposition, has ventured to sound the keynote of enthusiasm on behalf of the House of Lords as an institution. It would be strange indeed if the most selfish and self-absorbed political chamber in the civilised world could boast of friends outside its own narrow boundaries. Even those who are hottest in their opposition to the policy of the Liberal party with regard to the Hereditary Chamber have nothing better than excuses to offer on behalf of the Peers. Moreover, it is notorious that if by any chance the Tory party were to conquer in the coming General Election, it would be compelled, in order to retain the confidence of its own followers, to apply drastic measures of reform to the Chamber which it is now championing. It is not

surprising, in these circumstances, that the Tory party should be doing its utmost to divert attention from the real question now at issue before the country. There is no red-herring which it has not tried to drag across the trail in order to divert the scent of the electors. In these circumstances the duty of Liberals is self-evident; and we are glad to see that the National Liberal Federation at Cardiff did not fail in its performance of that duty. The question of the House of Lords must be placed above and before all other questions submitted to the electorate, and upon that great issue alone the coming General Election must be fought.

To us, despite the gloomy predictions of our opponents and of a few on our own side who are timid and half-hearted in the battle, the situation seems to be distinctly promising. We are fighting for the fundamental principles of Constitutional Government. We are attacking an institution which is a blot and a clog upon those principles. All the traditions of English freedom are with us; whilst opposed to us are the narrow prejudices and unconstitutional ideas of the party which for sixty years past has been dragged reluctantly at our heels. No doubt the Liberal party has its difficulties apart from the question of the House of Lords, and our enemies are always ready to make the most of them. We are not going to underrate the difficulties of the Labour question, for example, or to minimise the possible results of the hostility of that Independent Labour party which now exists apparently for the sole purpose of injuring the great political body to which English labour owes its liberation from the bonds of serfdom. But even admitting these difficulties to be as formidable as our opponents declare, we have full confidence in the power of Liberalism to meet and overcome them. Growth and expansion have ever been the chief characteristics of the Liberal party. It has gone from strength to strength, never admitting that finality was a possibility in the constitutional development of a nation. We have only to think of the eminent man who died during the present week, and of the part which he has had in widening the thoughts of English Liberals on such a subject as the expansion of our Empire and the relations of the Mother Country with her Colonies, in order to realise the capacity of Liberalism for absorbing new ideas and rising to new duties. That it will continue to be in the future what it has been in the past, and that it will thus escape the shipwreck so constantly predicted for it by the enemies of progress, is not to be doubted. For the present, however, its energies are occupied with one absorbing question, and until that question has been solved all other problems will have to stand aside.

FRANCE EMERGENT.

THE events of the early part of this week plunged France into a crisis from which the Presidential election is only the first stage of recovery. The definitive overthrow of the tottering Dupuy Cabinet on a minor issue has been followed by the resignation of the President at the moment, of all others, when a strong man was most demanded at the helm. The election of his successor has ended in a fashion common enough on the other side of the Atlantic. The two public favourites, and some other candidates whose names are familiar, have had to give place to the "dark" horse—M. Félix Faure—who, till the other day, was hardly known, save as a Minister of the second rank. He has shown himself a hard worker and good administrator, and seems to have won the respect of his colleagues. But of his higher qualities the world knows nothing. With his principal rival it is otherwise. M. Brisson, indeed, is a Radical, and, in spite of all we hear of French fickleness, the mass of the French electorate is by temperament Moderate. But he is a Democrat whose virtue is of classic simplicity and severity, and his strength and decision are beyond question. He would, for a time, have frightened the Moderates and the Church. But an old-fashioned Radical facing Socialists is almost certain to be driven towards Moderatism. Of M. Faure we can only hope that the force of circumstances will develop that strength of character in him which it developed in Lincoln and Garfield, and did not develop in his unfortunate predecessor. We showed, at the time of M. Casimir Perier's election, how strong the position of a French President may be. He may require the Chamber to reconsider any decision; may appeal to public opinion against it; may choose his Ministers from outside; may, with the consent of the Senate, dissolve it and start afresh. This latter course, we think, gives the best hope of safety at present, in spite of the dangers of an excited electoral campaign. Meanwhile, until M. Faure's metal is tested, we cannot regard his election as anything more than a stage in the struggle of the Republic. One wave, indeed, she has surmounted. But there are other and greater waves to come.

The collapse from which France is thus beginning to recover has been unexpectedly sudden and complete, but it has often been predicted in these pages. The Panama scandals had thoroughly shaken public confidence, though, perhaps because no available Pretender was at hand, they had not actually upset the Parliamentary *régime*. The General Election of 1893 had indeed resulted in the defeat of the extreme factions with one notable exception. But it had sent back most of the Panamists, and had returned, for the first time, a compact and organised Socialist group. The Moderates of various shades, who, on the whole, constituted the largest section of the new Chamber, had made frantic and sometimes ludicrous efforts to divide that Chamber — putting aside, of course, the lawless extremists—into two definite parties, after the fashion which ought to be, but no longer is, characteristic of the Mother of Parliaments. These attempts had failed. The "new spirit," the supposed desire to come to terms with the Roman Catholic Church, had long ago alarmed the more advanced section of orthodox Republicans; and the election and re-election of M. Brisson, despite unavailing Conservative protests, to the Presidency of the Chamber, showed that the attempt to render "Republican concentration" obsolete had completely failed. The Cabinet has long been unstable, and of late has frequently been on the verge of a defeat. Meanwhile the proceedings of the Chamber have been accompanied by ever-increasing disorder and violence outside—by an agitation frantic in its vehemence, fostered and stimulated by all but one of the most widely read papers in France, encouraged by the abstention of the great mass of the population from any effective protest, and culminating last Sunday week in the election, owing to that abstention, of a convicted libeller of the President as one of the Deputies for Paris. Moreover, the distrust of public men set up by the Panama revelations has been intensified to the utmost by the blackmailing scandals, the Southern Railway scandals, and the trial of Captain Dreyfus for a breach of trust, which is all the more alarming because the details are wholly unknown. Denounced to the public by the Socialist Deputies collectively, and to its face by MM. Jaurès and Rouanet, the

Chamber, desperate in its endeavours to purge itself from reproach, has contemplated the prosecution of an ex-Minister for making a bad bargain with two railway companies eleven years ago, has overturned the Government, and overridden the judgment of a high tribunal in order to clear its members of all suspicion of having taken the money of the companies as the price of their votes. The ex-President has followed the Dupuy Ministry into retirement, making confusion worse confounded. He is exhausted by Socialist abuse and disgusted by his new knowledge of the dark corners of French politics, and cannot count on the Chamber to defend him against his assailants. So, if M. Faure is no stronger than his predecessor, begins that "slide down the slope of revolution" which M. Clemenceau prophesied some months ago.

Happily, there is good hope, independently of the election, that the downward progress may yet be stopped. If France has used up her statesmen of late, still more has she used up her Pretenders. The Duke of Orleans may go down to Dover (and come back again), but nobody will now take him seriously, and he effectually blocks the way for Prince Henry. Prince Victor Bonaparte has all but disappeared from the public view, and the collapse of Boulangism has extinguished the chances of any merely Republican pretender in the near future. The experience of Italy, too, may well give France pause in setting up a Parliamentary Monarchy, to be controlled by political suspects, and under a Chauvinist head. As we have often pointed out, moreover, some fifty per cent. of the French electorate have little or no concern with Parliamentary politics. The danger now, as in 1851, is their continued abstention and their acceptance of the situation created by a possible revolution. But we know that they are an honest, sober-minded, peaceable folk, attached to the Republic by their municipal institutions in a way wholly unknown before the Third Republic gave them some degree of local self-government, strongly anti-Socialist, disciplined by their military service, and with every reason for demanding order and peace. This is one of those occasions—far less common in history than the "picturesque" school of historians would allow—when a really strong man might have the country in his hands for good or evil. M. Casimir Perier has shown that he at any rate is not the strong man. Will M. Faure prove stronger? We trust so; but in default of the strong man we must look to the rural electorate and the *bourgeoisie* to save itself.

LONDON FOR THE LONDONERS.

THE battle for the control of London which is to be fought two months hence in the ballot boxes is already beginning to engage the attention of the public. It is a pity that the elections for the County Council should follow so hard upon those for the School Board and the Vestries. The Londoner has not yet been acclimatised to the duties and privileges of the free citizenship with which he has at last been endowed. He is still a little apt to regard a local election, whether it be for a School Board or a Vestry, as something beneath his notice—something which he may leave with safety to the attention of the unknown busybodies of the parish in which he resides. But fortunately the County Council has touched the popular imagination. Its works are seen and felt on every hand; and despite the unpopularity which attaches to every municipal institution in London—the penalty such institutions have to pay for generations of misgovernment—the County Council is at all events recognised as being a very big fact. What it has done during its six years of life is known more or less vaguely to every citizen; and though it has made its mistakes, and has sometimes seemed to be moving in the wrong direction, the record of the good which it has done immensely preponderates over the record of its failures and its errors. If it had done nothing else than safeguard the open spaces of the metropolis, adding not merely to their number and extent, but to their beauty, it would have deserved well of London. But this, as we know, is merely one small section of the work which it has accomplished. In our West End streets it has carried out long-needed improvements that have helped to raise the capital of the Empire in dignity of appearance, and in the poorer quarters of the town it has laid a destroying hand upon the foul rookeries which have so long disgraced our local life, and given the poor, in their place, habitations not unworthy of being called homes. Everywhere throughout the metropolis the County Council has breathed a new spirit into our civic life. Everywhere it has given the people of London the conviction that at last there was a power which would stand by them in defence of their rights in time of need, and that the sympathies of this power were wholly enlisted on the side of popular liberties and popular aspirations. Its very failings seem, indeed, to have leaned to Virtue's side. Take the case of its crusade against the music halls—or, rather, against the more vicious features which are in some cases associated with that form of amusement—and let any decent citizen who is in favour of the moral and physical improvement of our race say whether the County Council was not thoroughly in the right in its main purpose? We are not likely to be accused of any undue hostility to the liberties of individuals; but we confess that, so far as we have been able to perceive, the kind of individualism against which the County Council has waged war is one that could only be allowed to flourish at the expense of the community as a whole.

We shall have ample time between now and the elections in March to dwell more fully upon the work that the Council has accomplished during its six years of life. At present it seems more desirable to point out to every Londoner the duty which is laid upon him by this election. It seems to us to be the primary duty of the real patriot. After all, the affairs of a great nation cannot be entrusted with safety to men who are unconscious of the obligations of citizenship. It is a fine thing, no doubt, to feel oneself a citizen of a country whose flag is flown on every sea and continent, and whose sons are supposed to control the destinies of no insignificant portion of the human race. But what if we are, at the same time, the inhabitants of a city in whose local government the laws of God and man are alike defied? We do not say that this is actually the case with regard to the inhabitants of London. It has certainly not been the case during the past six years. But if we care to look for an example of deep-seated and apparently incurable corruption—corruption that seems to pervade every department of civic life—we have only to glance at what is now happening in New York, and at the revelations that are being made there as to the manner in which the merchants in human vice have succeeded in gaining control of those who were supposed to be the authorised guardians of human virtue. How is it that the government of the city of New York has become a by-word among civilised nations? Is it not simply because the "upper classes," the people of wealth and culture and refinement, declined to trouble themselves with the plain duties of citizenship, would not condescend to mix in local politics

or local work, and so left their great community to be captured by rival "rings" and dominated by disreputable "bosses"? London hitherto has escaped this fate, and, despite a foolish sneer by Lord George Hamilton the other day at the supposed influence of the National Liberal Club in the affairs of the County Council, we do not see any signs so far of the introduction of the evils of the American system here. But it is, unfortunately, only too certain that if the better classes in a great community such as ours is refuse to take the trouble to play their part in the management of their own local affairs, those affairs will fall into the hands of inferior men, and the local government even of so vast a province as London will be controlled by a mere clique. We are anxious to put the danger as fully and forcibly as we can before the electors of London, because we are convinced that those who support Progressive principles have just as great an interest as anybody else in securing the co-operation of the greatest possible number of voters in the coming elections. Lord George Hamilton may perhaps be right when he attributes the victories of the active and reforming party in the two previous elections to the number of abstentions at the poll. We are not of the same opinion as Lord George in this matter; but for the sake of the argument we may accept his statement. But even if it be true we see no reason why any member of the Progressive party should refuse to join in the appeal to all the citizens of London to do their duty in this matter of the County Council election. After all, the Liberal believes above all other things in the principles of representative government; and he cannot really wish to see London administered in a manner opposed to the wishes of the majority of her people. Even if he had not a robust belief that the majority of the inhabitants of London are in full sympathy with the principles of the Progressive party, he would still wish that the poll in the coming elections should be as heavy and as thoroughly representative as possible.

Of the important questions of principle that will be set before the voters in this election we need only refer to two at this moment. One is that question of the unification of London on which a Royal Commission has recently reported in so decisive a fashion. This is virtually the question whether we are to continue to allow one small patch of buildings in the vast metropolitan province to enjoy privileges originally meant for the enjoyment of the citizens of London as a whole. It is at once a very big and a very small question. It is very big if we consider the question of principle that is involved, and the practical results which must follow a popular victory. It is very small—ridiculously small—if we consider the arguments set forth on behalf of the handful of citizens who have usurped the privileges which ought to be possessed by London in its entirety. The other great question is that of the municipalisation of our water supply. It is a scandal of the worst kind, that London alone among the great cities of the Empire should have allowed the supply of this primary necessary of life to remain in the hands of private speculators and to be made the means of acquiring private profit. There is no important municipality in the country which would tolerate for a single day the system of water supply with which the people of London have hitherto had to put up. The scandal must cease at the earliest possible moment if London is not to be a reproach and an object of contempt to every other city in the Empire. These two questions alone, we should imagine, are of sufficient importance to arouse the interest even of the Laodiceans of Belgravia in the coming County Council election.

THE ULSTER FARMERS AND THE LAND QUESTION.

THE situation in Ulster is slowly revealing itself. The Ulster Presbyterian farmers are the least articulate of men, but with the help of their ministers they are learning to speak. Lord Erne, as the grand-master of the noisier Orangemen, has issued a counterblast, in which, without a suspicion of blasphemy, he appeals several times to Almighty God to prevent the reduction of his rents. He wishes to show the Orangemen that the discussion about the land question is a mere trick to sow dissension among Unionists, and to bribe the Protestant farmer to desert the Protestant cause. Lord Erne's manifesto is so amusing a document that the Nationalists may be excused for paying it no serious heed, and treating it rather as a signal of distress. But that is hardly our reading of it, much as we should like to read it so. We take it to mean that the landlords intend to fight the Land Bill, and that they intend to fight it on the old lines. The big drum is to be beaten. The cry of "The Union in Danger" is to suppress all minor issues of bread-and-butter. The Presbyterians are to be driven to the poll against their own interests, as they were in the summer of 1892. The obvious conclusion for a reasonable Nationalist who is also a land reformer is that less beating of the big drum on the Nationalist side might best help the Bill through. It would not be good tactics to cry aloud that the walls of Jericho had fallen because some northern farmers demand a Land Bill, even if it were true. Nothing, to change the metaphor, would be so likely to send the northern farmer back into his shell. Besides, it is not true. Glad as we should be to be able to say that the prejudice against Home Rule (or, more accurately, against Home Rulers) had vanished in North-East Ulster, we cannot say it. Neither the speeches nor the resolutions at recent Ulster meetings show any considerable change of opinion on the question of the Union. Some ministers who were known to be Home Rulers—like Mr. Armour, of Ballymoney, and Mr. Lyttle, of Moneyrea—have made Home Rule speeches. Some others have expressed the gratitude to Mr. Gladstone for his legislation of 1870 and 1881 which Ulster farmers have never ceased to feel. But the Unionist farmers, as a body, have not yet turned against the Union, for the very good reason that they hope in the coming session to get a substantial measure of justice from the united Parliament. If that measure miscarries owing to landlord opposition, a day of reckoning may come, but not till then. There is no use in blinking the fact that in its immediate and direct result a good Land Act will tell rather against Home Rule than for it. What would tell in favour of Home Rule would be a Land Bill frustrated by Colonel Saunderson in the House of Commons and the Duke of Abercorn in the Lords.

That there is need of a new Land Bill in Ulster there can be no doubt. The case for it is even stronger there than in the south. The north-east corner of Ireland is more given to tillage than any other part of the United Kingdom. In the year 1894, of 1,710,380 cultivated acres in Ulster, only 300,172 were in permanent pasture. The area in oats alone is nearly equal to the total area in grass, temporary or permanent. The land will very little of it bear being laid down. If laid down it might raise sheep, but scarcely cattle. It is not that the farmers are peculiarly unreceptive of new ideas. On the contrary, the system of farming which they follow is precisely that which Scotch farmers have made pay on Essex land, where the high-pressure system had been a failure. It may be safely said that if they cannot make farming pay,

no man can. But they are still paying rents which make profit impossible. The average rent for land which may best be compared with the chalk uplands of Hampshire is 18s. an acre. With scarcely an exception the tenant has made all the improvements. The present rents simply confiscate the tenant's long customary and now legal property in the land, and it is a well-known fact that tenant-right in Down and Antrim now fetches, on an average, little more than half what it did thirty years ago, before the Legislature had interfered in the tenants' favour. Thus—Bill or no Bill—the new rents, which will begin to be fixed next November, must be some thirty per cent. lower at least than those fixed fourteen years ago, if anything like justice is to be done.

The three reforms most needed in order to prevent the new rents being fixed unfairly are: (1) increased allowance for the tenants' improvements; (2) the removal of the technical exclusions, which have prevented a large proportion of the tenants even of Ulster custom holdings from going into court at all; and (3) the reform of administration. The importance of these needs is in an ascending scale. The diminution in the profits of agriculture has so decreased the value of improvements, as well as the value of the land itself, that the decision in Adams *v.* Dunseath is probably of less import now than it was ten years ago. The technical exclusions are very irritating, and in some cases threaten to nullify the whole policy of the Land Acts. They alone make a Bill essential. But we notice that at recent meetings intelligent farmers have seized on the third point—the constitution of the Land Court. Of the five land commissioners, who enjoy the tenure and the salaries of judges for performing duties more akin to those of a competent valuer, only one can be called a sympathiser with the tenants. The other four were appointed by Tory Governments, and are in varying degrees partisans of landlordism. The late Government, in spite of Nationalist and Liberal protest, made them irremovable. The Land Bill will not, of course, remove them. But it may lessen their power for evil. The jurisdiction they exercise is not original but appellate. Either landlord or tenant may appeal from the decision of the sub-commissioners on questions of fact and value as well as of law. As the decision of the sub-commission is that of two, and in some cases three, competent men who have been on the land, and as the head commissioners never go near the land, no procedure could be much more ridiculous. We are not surprised that the Ulster farmers see the enormous importance of limiting the right of appeal.

A word as to the prospects of the Bill. Of the twenty-two Irish Unionist Members, ten represent constituencies wholly or mainly urban, and are beyond the pressure of the farmers. Five of the rural members may be relied on to vote for the second reading of the Bill. The other seven have as yet given no pledges. This is not a great result of the farmers' protests. But there is worse behind. Mr. T. W. Russell, who had been recently regarded as among the foremost of the farmers' friends, has announced that he will oppose the reference of the Bill to the Standing Committee on Law, to which, as a Bill of obscure and technical detail, establishing no new principle, it might naturally be sent. We trust that Mr. Russell's decision is not final. His constituents must know enough about politics to understand that obstruction will be the landlords' chief weapon of defence, that obstruction most flourishes in Committee of the Whole House, and that he who insists on the Bill going by the road most infested by highwaymen can hardly be among its true friends.

"HONEST SPORT."

THE Anti-Gambling League have at least shown a sportsmanlike instinct in going for big game. So far, therefore, from joining in the chorus which proclaims it to be absurd to impeach such great and spotless gentlemen as the stewards of the Jockey Club, the members of the so-called Sporting League may confidently be expected to admit that their opponents have shown "a proper English spirit." For not the least of the complaints which are made against the administration of the betting laws is that they are never enforced except against second-rate clubs and the lesser fry of bookmakers. No one can have followed the desultory prosecutions which have been started by the police from time to time without feeling that there was an uncomfortable degree of truth in that allegation. The Anti-Gambling League have at last raised a test case, to which no such suspicion attaches, and we shall shortly have an opportunity of seeing whether the fashionable race-meeting, with its recognised rings, is within the law, while the smallest "sporting club" is hopelessly outside it.

Since the Newmarket magistrates have granted Mr. Hawke his summons, that particular matter is now *sub judice;* and were it otherwise, even an expert lawyer might shrink from a positive opinion upon the state of the law. The question is, briefly, whether the "rings" or enclosures upon race-courses, which are kept, if not primarily, at least secondarily and notoriously, for the professional trade of betting, come within the section of the Act which imposes a penalty of £100 or six months' imprisonment upon any person who, being the owner or occupier, or having the care or management of, or in any manner assisting in conducting "any office, house, room, or other place, shall use, or permit the same to be used, for the purposes of betting." The same section declares also that "no place shall be open, kept, or used" for the same purposes. The point, then, to decide is whether a racecourse enclosure is a "place" within the meaning of the section, or whether the Act which is commonly known as the "Betting Houses Act" applies only to houses and buildings. That, at least, is the point which will be presented to the lawyers; for the point which concerns the public, and, we may add, which concerns the Jockey Club, is something very much larger, and will remain, whatever view may be taken of the section in question.

This is, whether the present gambling mania in England is going to be franky faced and admitted as the evil which it is. It is, we know, the supposition of the superior person that he discharges his whole duty when he flings a jibe at Mr. Hawke and the Anti-Gambling League. They are faddists and embittered Puritans, like the critics of the "Empire," who will not let a man have "honest pleasures in his own way." We wonder sometimes whether any of these people have ever been in Fleet Street a few minutes before the result of a notable horse-race is due, or, still worse, outside a newspaper office at the same moment in some big northern town. They might then observe in what way this particular "honest pleasure" is taken. Not to flatter ourselves, there is no sight less edifying to be seen in any part of Europe to-day. The crowd is a vast picture-gallery of degraded, drunken, and miserable types. There are corner-boys and loafers who never did an honest day's work, and of whose vices gambling is perhaps the least. But there are, unfortunately, scores of others who could tell us, if they were frank, of situations lost, characters gone, wives and families starving, and themselves perhaps become gaol-birds from this cause alone. Most of

them never saw a racehorse, nor would know a thoroughbred from a mule. Betting, with the majority of these people, is pure avarice, the hope of making money without earning it. They follow mechanically some local tipster, or receive mysterious private information from some "pal," who has had it from a bookmaker, who, in turn, has got it from a stable-boy. The information is often to the effect that some jockey is going to cheat his master or his master's friends by "pulling" a horse which is supposed to be a "dead certainty" for some race; or, more perilous still—for the "dead certainty" is apt not to win in any case—that another horse, "a rank outsider," is to be allowed a walk-over by arrangement, *i.e.*, the collusion of opponents, whom the public supposes to be "racing fair." Once bit, they are never twice shy. Their credulity is infinite; nothing in the world will convince them that the next "tip" is not going to square all. Then the infection of it! It runs through workshops like influenza; it passes from the head clerk to the office-boy, from man to wife, and from both to children. It is credibly reported in some towns that publicans actually make up books from pennies supplied by newspaper lads and children of tender years. All these types may be seen among the throng that waits in horrid suspense for "the winner." It would be ludicrous, if it were not pathetic, that few of them have ever seen a racehorse, or witnessed the sport which is the object of their disastrous cult.

Now what we are fairly entitled to ask of Mr. James Lowther's Sporting League and its partisans is whether this fits in with their ideas of "honest sport," and if not (and, of course, we assume not), whether they propose to lend the Anti-Gambling League a hand in purging the Turf of such excrescences and "malpractices;" for we observe that it is part of their programme to check malpractices. The gambling craze has got beyond the point when we can gloss it over with smooth phrases or obscure it with the cant which calls it "sport." It is an evil which is rapidly becoming commensurate with drunkenness, and the two vices play into each other's hands. The picture which Mr. George Moore has drawn in "Esther Waters" is absolutely true to life, and every town in England, and not a few villages, could furnish materials for other life-histories of the same kind. Under a different law William Latch, in Mr. Moore's book, might have died an honest publican, and his numerous victims have been saved from that particular form of ruin.

The truth is, of course, that the modern gambler has generally not the smallest title to be regarded as a sportsman or to claim the protection due to honest sport. Having no knowledge of the Turf, he has no opinion of his own about any animal, nor any pleasure in racing for racing's sake. The "opinion" which he backs is the opinion which is furnished him secondhand, and very often by people whose object in life is to mislead him. Now, we are under no such delusion as to suppose that betting can be abolished in England by Act of Parliament, and we should not propose even to attempt interference with the man who, having a knowledge of the Turf and a genuine interest in racing, chose to back his honest opinion of the result. Betting of this kind is at least not mere sordid greed, and it may perhaps even be called sportsmanlike. But there is absolutely no reason for giving immunity and facility to the professional bookmaker, who lays odds against all horses indifferently, or systematically takes the odds on a "selection," with the object in either case merely of making money by the transaction. The toleration of this class, and of similar practices carried on by publicans, reduces horse-racing to a vast system of beggar your neighbour, wherein everyone seeks to "get a bit" at somebody else's expense and the bookmaker at the expense of all, the whole being permeated by fraud, chicanery, and lying, and the Turf itself being brought constantly into suspicion of foul play. If this is to be tolerated, we had rather that the bookmakers were limited in number and strictly licensed, for then we should at least know the dimensions of the evil we have to deal with. But no reason can be alleged by anyone, and least of all by sportsmen, for that degree of toleration. What precise measure should be taken, we have not space here to discuss, but the general aim should clearly be to make the law effective against the professional bookmaker and all else that tends to make of the Turf a shady trade carried on by people who care nothing, at the expense of people who know nothing about sport. If the Jockey Club are zealous guardians of the purity of sport, and if the Sporting League mean anything by their professed intention to check malpractices in sport, they ought both to join heartily with the Anti-Gambling League in this general aim. There is no need to pronounce the gambling mania incurable until we have seen what can be done to limit the inordinate temptations to the ignorant and unwary which are tolerated under the present law.

FINANCE.

THE crisis in France has had much less influence upon the Stock Exchange than might have been expected, and there was a rapid recovery when it was found that the operators in Paris were supporting markets. Business was much more disturbed by the fortnightly settlement. Practically speculation has ceased everywhere now except in the South African department. There it is running wild, and we fear before long must cause some trouble. One would naturally expect that the Stock Exchange Committee, seeing business growing day after day, would make such arrangements as would enable both brokers and jobbers to settle their accounts without serious inconvenience—at all events, without avoidable inconvenience. But the Committee has done nothing, and the consequence is that members of the Stock Exchange almost all through the week have been overworked, and have been scarcely in a position to attend to new business. There has been, in the circumstances, a surprisingly large amount done here at home, and quotations have remained fairly steady. The inter-Bourse department is quiet without much change, and the South American department is dull. For some months a struggle has been going on in Argentina between President Saenz Pena and General Roca, in which it seems clear that the General will prove successful. The Ministry has resigned, and the resignation of the President is expected every moment. There is not much fear entertained of political troubles. The impression is that whether General Roca takes office or not, he will exercise the real power, and that he will be able to secure the support of the army. In New York an attempt has been made this week to put up prices, but we trust that investors in this country will not be misled. The Treasury ought to hold at least 20 millions sterling in gold as a reserve for the encashment of the greenbacks. But the gold accumulated by the recent loan is rapidly flowing away, so that the reserve is now down to about 15 millions sterling, and not improbably it will fall to 10 millions before very long. Congress refuses to carry out President Cleveland's policy; and as the present Congress will come to an end on the 4th of March the belief is that the President will call together the new Congress very soon afterwards. But in that Congress there is a Republican majority

in one House, and a small Democratic majority in the other, and therefore it does not seem probable that much can be done. Yet it appears to be held in New York that the Republicans will prove patriotic, and that wise legislation will be carried. That may happen. But prudent investors will not act upon a mere hope. If nothing is done it seems certain that gold will before long rise to a premium, and that thus silver will become the real standard of the country. The bank dividends are lower than at this time last year; but that was expected by every well-informed person, for the past half-year was very unfavourable to bankers. The railway dividends so far announced show a decided improvement compared with twelve months ago. But it will be recollected that in the second half of 1893 business was thrown into utter confusion by the great coal strike, and consequently the railway dividends were exceedingly bad. Compared with two years ago the railway dividends now being announced all show reductions.

Money continues very abundant and cheap in spite of the large demand by South African speculators. Gold is being produced in immensely augmented amounts in all the great gold-mining countries, and the probability is that the receipts during the next six months will be on an unusually large scale. Further, there will be considerable receipts from the United States; and the crisis in France makes it likely that much of the gold taken to Paris lately will be returned. For these reasons, the belief is that money will remain exceedingly cheap during the present year. The value of the rupee continues to decline. On Wednesday the India Council offered 60 lakhs in bills and telegraphic transfers, but sold less than 48 lakhs. Applicants at 1s. 0½d. per rupee received the full amount applied for; and the belief evidently is that there will be a further fall. The difficulties of the India Council are increased just now by sales of Rupee Paper which has not been converted. Silver is likewise falling. The only purchaser at present is China, and Chinese buying is not large enough to keep up the price.

A gross profit of £100,782, £6,361 being brought forward, is the creditable record of the City Bank (Limited) for the half-year. This allows, when provision has been made for current expenses and rebate on bills discounted not yet due, the declaration of a dividend, tax free, at the rate of £8 per cent. per annum, and the carrying forward of £6,035. Current and deposit accounts increased during this period from less than six million sterling to £6,646,684.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—The *Daily News* this morning vigorously reiterates the demand for further action with regard to the Armenian atrocities, and quotes the letter of the Constantinople correspondent of The Speaker in support of its arguments. The "atrocities agitation," as the gentlemen who conduct the Philo-Turkish press of London describe the present movement, hardly amounts to an agitation at all. But the Sultan and his friends are mightily mistaken if they imagine that the feeling in this country regarding the Armenian crimes is confined to a handful of Gladstonian enthusiasts. On the contrary, such men as the Duke of Westminster—who is certainly not to be reckoned among the followers of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery—are prominent among those who demand that action should be taken. They are the worst friends of the Turk who try to make light of this demand. As to Lord Kimberley's policy, whilst one cannot doubt that he is in earnest in his desire to put an end to the reign of terror in Armenia, it would be a mistake to conceal the fact that it does not at present satisfy many Liberals. The Foreign Office is always slow to move, and it requires a Foreign Secretary of very exceptional force of character to rouse the permanent officials out of their apathetic endurance of the calamities of other people. Nobody wants a revival of the extraordinary popular movement which convulsed Great Britain in 1876; but such a revival may be expected when the newspaper correspondents who are now forcing their way through the snow to Sassoun send us accounts of the truth, if before that time Lord Kimberley has not succeeded in getting some substantial guarantee for good behaviour from the Sultan.

The campaign for the next election of the London County Council may be said to have begun to-day, both the *Times* and the *Daily Chronicle* devoting leaders to the subject. There is a tone of despair in the remarks of the *Times* which augurs well for the success of the Progressive party in the coming fight. Indeed, when one sees the calibre of the candidates who are being brought forward on the "Moderate" side it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the retrogressive party have little stomach for the fight. Lord Rosebery, for example, is to be opposed by a newly made Alderman of the City, and Sir John Hutton by Sir Blundell Maple. Nor is it only in the character of their representatives that the Moderates are disappointing their friends. Their programme, which is opportunely made known to-day, is in itself an adaptation of the very principles which, when upheld by the Progressives, have been denounced most fiercely on the other side. London must indeed be awake at last, when even the Tory party accepts betterment, and is prepared to municipalise the water supply.

Sunday.—Little in the papers this morning, though the old story about Thursday's Cabinet is printed in some of the Opposition organs as though it were Gospel truth. It certainly shows a curious state of nervous apprehension on the part of the public when a Cabinet Council cannot be held, even in the ordinary course, without a panic. Last Thursday's Cabinet was a purely routine meeting for the purpose of dealing with questions of the ordinary kind; it was not a "surprise" Cabinet in any sense of the word, nor had it anything whatever to do with the position of any particular member of the Government. The Cabinet to be held this week will be precisely similar in its character. It will be occupied with the further consideration of the business of the coming Session—perhaps, also, with that question of Armenia which is every day growing in importance, and regarding which I am glad to say I have received high assurance that the attitude of Lord Kimberley is absolutely "correct."

The most interesting thing in the papers this morning is the account of the production of Mr. Comyns Carr's new play, *King Arthur*, at the Lyceum. It was a wonderful sight that the Lyceum presented last night—such a sight as could hardly be met with in any other public building in London. From floor to ceiling it was crammed with an enthusiastic crowd, waiting eagerly to welcome Mr. Irving on his return to his own boards. It seemed, when one looked round, as though "all London" was there to join in the welcome. In the stage-box sat the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke and Duchess of Teck; adjoining them were the Lord Chief Justice, Lady Russell, and her daughters; opposite, Sir Edward and Lady Lawson, fresh from their entertainment of royalty. As for the stalls, the well-known faces that one saw were bewildering both in their number and variety. Lawyers, artists, musicians, men of letters, politicians (not so plentiful as usual), leaders of society, actresses, and beautiful women galore, were packed together like sardines in a box, all happy, and all hot.

As to the play, I must leave "A. B. W." to deal with it in another page. But this I may say at once. It was very beautiful in sentiment, without a trace of that sickly criticism that is the key-note of the new drama. It was admirably written, exquisitely mounted, and played in a fashion of which

Mr. Irving may well be proud. That at one or two points it dragged a little may be granted; but on the whole the different situations were most effectively presented. The most serious difficulty the author had to contend with was undoubtedly the great rivalry of Tennyson. As one sat watching the beautiful scenes, it is to be feared that Tennyson's words, rather than those which were spoken by the actors on the stage, were in one's mind. Notably was this the case during the famous parting scene between the King and his Queen. However, the curtain fell at midnight amid the loudest of plaudits, and a little later Mr. Irving and Mr. Comyns Carr were being overwhelmed with the congratulations of their friends.

Monday.—The London correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, who often shows himself better-informed than his London contemporaries, suggests this morning that the question of the naval expenditure for the coming year has been settled by means of a compromise between the Admiralty and Sir William Harcourt, and that a loan is to be adopted in place of increased taxation. This, if it means that the Government are going to borrow money for ship-building purposes, after the fashion of the Tories, is a complete mistake. No such proposal has ever been made either by the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the First Lord of the Admiralty. But on December 29th last, and consequently before the recent rumours regarding the Navy, THE SPEAKER, after pointing out the works at Gibraltar, Portland, Dover and elsewhere, the necessity for which was universally admitted, remarked, "So far as *permanent works* are concerned, there is no reason why the money required for them should not be raised by a loan, for this is not a case of building ships on credit." It is obvious that a loan is the customary mode of raising money for works that are permanent in their character, and I have no doubt that this will be found to be the solution of the difficulty which was said to have arisen between the Admiralty and the Exchequer. The ship-building vote will be a heavy one, but not heavier than was foreseen last year, when the first part of the new programme of construction was adopted.

The report of the National Liberal Federation is an interesting document, which clearly sums up the chief features of the political situation. Before these lines appear in print the Federation meeting at Cardiff will be a thing of the past; so I need not indulge in speculation concerning it. But it is becoming increasingly clear that the whole force of the Liberal party will be concentrated on the question of the House of Lords, as that which demands the first place in the attention of Liberals. The actual programme for next session practically agrees with that advocated in THE SPEAKER. As for the particular measure which is to be adopted for the purpose of neutralising the present opposition of the House of Lords, I find that the Sessional Veto is daily growing in favour on all sides as the thing to be aimed at.

Tuesday.—Sir John Seeley's death is a heavy loss. Both as a writer and a politician he had rendered signal services to his fellow-countrymen, and though he did not follow Mr. Gladstone on Home Rule, he was in all other matters a strong Liberal. It was rather significant that one of the first acts of Lord Rosebery, on becoming Prime Minister, was to procure a knighthood for Professor Seeley, whose theological views may possibly have stood in his way during Mr. Gladstone's *régime*.

There is an amusing paragraph in the Paris correspondence of the *Times* this morning, telling how the shrewd *Temps* had so little foreseen the fall of the French Ministry that it devoted its leading article yesterday to a discussion of the difficulties of Lord Rosebery. Here is a lesson for some persons nearer home. Yesterday morning a great many English newspapers followed the example of the *Temps*, and, at a moment when the most serious political events were impending in another country, devoted themselves to the consideration of the wholly imaginary political crisis in England. One is reminded of what happened before 1880, and for that matter before 1892. The superior people who purvey opinions to the Opposition are wholly unable to understand how it is possible for a General Election to go in favour of the Liberals; so, on the assumption that an election must take place during the present year, they are already engaged in dividing the bear's skin. Now, not to prophesy until one knows is the safest of all rules, and I have not the slightest intention of departing from it. But it is at least certain that it would be just as dangerous and foolish to predict a Tory triumph at the coming General Election as to predict the reverse. All the signs, so far, show that the struggle will be a very tough one. But that the result is fore-ordained, or that the Conservatives are destined to come in with a sweeping majority, no sensible person will believe. It is "anybody's game," and it is on the cards that the result may be as astounding to the Anti-Liberal coalition as was the result of 1880 to the Jingoes of that day. Undoubtedly the worst feature at present on the Liberal side is not the want of earnestness in the rank and file, but the want of candidates for all the constituencies which will become vacant. This, however, is a deficiency which is daily being made less conspicuous.

Is it not time that the squabble between the *Times* and the Bishop of Chester was brought to a close? Neither party can look back upon the affair with any particular degree of pride or pleasure. Both have shown themselves to be extraordinarily "touchy," and more than a trifle vindictive. The assumption that the Bishop has been guilty of dishonourable conduct is clearly as unfounded as the Bishop's own idea as to the unfitness of the *Times* reporter for the task entrusted to him. But, after all, the whole affair is a storm in a teacup, and its prolongation is becoming both wearisome and ridiculous.

Wednesday.—The news from Paris, of course, takes precedence of everything else to-day. For several days past the best authorities in London have been apprehensive of a serious crisis in France, but its exact character none could foresee. It has now come with the suddenness and severity of a *coup d'état*, and, for the moment, the very foundations of the Republic are trembling. Whilst there is a strong feeling of sympathy among Englishmen with M. Casimir-Perier in the cruel unfairness of the treatment he has received from the eager politicians and journalists of the hour, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that he has committed a grave error in abandoning his post at the moment of danger to the country. He may be able to justify this step, but for the present his conduct looks uncommonly like that of the man who prefers to safeguard his own personal dignity even though he has to do so at the expense of his country. Of course this fresh instance of Republican instability cannot fail to have a bad effect upon the position of France in foreign politics. Imagine Russia binding herself by anything in the nature of a treaty to a nation which is to-day without a head and without a Government! Frenchmen should realise this side of the question if they wish to know all that their present methods in politics cost them.

The list of new Colonial appointments which appears this morning is with one exception humdrum enough. The exception is, of course, that of Lord Brassey. Everybody will be glad that this staunch Liberal should have been appointed to the Governorship of Victoria, though many will be surprised that a man of his means and position should be prepared to forego the pleasures of London life and of personal independence even for the sake of the splendours of a Colonial Governor's exile. There is great trouble now in filling up the vacant Lordships in Waiting. Truly we are "a feeble folk" in the matter of Lords, and it is possible that we shall

in the end be driven to accept neutral veterans for these Court posts, as has already been done with regard to the Ladies of the Household. Meanwhile we might ask that a little fair-play should be shown to these Lords who are with us. Here is the *World* repeating yesterday with much solemnity the story of Lord Houghton's impending resignation of the Vice-Royalty to which I gave an emphatic contradiction last week; whilst another journal (I think) represents his Excellency as being a *persona grata* to the Chief Secretary because he has no will of his own! Truly in these times knowledge does not seem needed to enable men to pass judgment upon their fellows.

Thursday.—The *quidnuncs* lost a great opportunity yesterday. A Cabinet Council was held, and at it the Prime Minister and the Secretaries for Ireland and Scotland were conspicuous by their absence! One might have expected in these circumstances that the evening newspapers in which the cultivation of the big gooseberry is carried on with so much ardour would have made haste to produce another sample of their skill. However, the panic-mongers seem to be a little ashamed of themselves at present, and there was no fresh announcement of a Cabinet crisis. This morning it is officially announced that Lord Rosebery's absence was due to the lamentable death of his nephew, Lord Leconfield's son and heir. The Prime Minister had gone on a visit of sympathy to his afflicted sister. The papers make no mention of another fact that shows that statesmen, like other people, are subject to the common lot of humanity. This is the serious illness of the younger son of Sir William Harcourt. Everybody will hope that there may come a speedy and favourable turn to the illness. Yesterday, however, it visibly cast a shadow over the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the strength of whose domestic affections is well known. What with the absence of the Prime Minister and the anxieties of Sir William Harcourt, the meeting of the Cabinet was a somewhat maimed affair. Another meeting will be held very shortly. In the meantime all talk of Cabinet dissensions is at an end, even in those quarters in which there has been the most lively speculation regarding them.

Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour were among the speakers yesterday. The Home Secretary's utterance was important because it put the attitude of the Government towards the Socialist ideas of the Trades Union Congress very clearly before the country. There will be no coquetting with the dangerous and objectionable features of the famous Norwich resolution. Mr. Asquith was emphatic enough upon this point. On the other hand, Ministers are bent upon carrying forward their social reform legislation by means of amended Factory and Truck Acts, and upon securing for the workers every relief that is not inconsistent with justice to all classes of the community. The legal prohibition of overtime which is demanded in some quarters is not a matter, one need hardly say, that any Government is likely to entertain seriously. Mr. Balfour, in his speech to his present constituents at Manchester —where some say his seat is by no means safe—was also strong on the social question—social reform, that is to say, *plus* the genial methods by which he attempted to govern Ireland during his ignominious Chief Secretaryship. The bait is hardly likely to attract the working man.

Friday.—From Cardiff I have most satisfactory private accounts of the spirit of the delegates now assembled there, and great things are expected from to-day's proceedings, in which the chief part will be taken by Lord Rosebery. On all sides evidence accumulates showing that Ministers and their party are preparing for the coming Session with a confidence that gives the lie to the silly stories so widely circulated by their opponents. The persistent attempts made in some quarters to discredit Lord Rosebery have had the effect of strengthening his hold upon his party. Everywhere, too, the feeling grows that if the strong line is taken on the question of the House of Lords, and if the Government insist upon making that the question on which the General Election is fought, the result of that election will be a great surprise to the friends of the Peers. Both Mr. Balfour and the *Times* evidently recognise this, and try to convince everybody that nothing but Home Rule is now at issue. They will not succeed. On the whole, the political situation is to-day far better for the Liberals than it has been since Mr. Gladstone's retirement.

ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

LAUD, it seems, has still his admirers, and their admiration has taken entirely fit forms. In honour of him there has been an "exhibition of Laudian relics," sermons have been preached, articles written, and books published. The exhibition was rather one-sided. It commemorated the blessed martyr who had filled the chair of Augustine and succeeded to the honours of St. Thomas, but not the edge-tools he had played with, to the damage of others and the ultimate disaster of himself. And the books are like the exhibition. Mr. Simpkinson[1] is well-meaning rather than well-informed, often loose and even inaccurate in statement, credulous to a fault in favour of his hero, and credulous in an opposite sense as to his opponents. The book may edify and please those who wish to think well of "the martyr," rather than to understand either him or his times. Mr. Hutton[2] has "the great privilege of being guardian of the chiefest of the Laudian relics" in his college, and the book throughout breathes the very atmosphere of this high office. It may be described as a portrait of Laud seen through the luminous medium of his "chiefest relics." The reverence for him is faultless, but it does not pay him the compliment of understanding either his own mind or his opponent's, or surrounding him with the figures and forces of his time as they really lived and thought and acted. It is impossible to understand a man unless the men and movements he resisted be also understood; but such intelligence need not be looked for here. We regret to write this, for we came to the book with high expectations, and the hope that at last out of Laud's own college a worthy and faithful Life of him had come. But when we found among the opening sentences one describing the men who stood opposed to Laud as "those whose idea was freedom from all that was implied by the continuity of the Church," we knew that our hopes were vain. Instead of a biography written with historical insight we have an ecclesiastical pamphlet full of the shibboleths of a school too wedded to dogma to be just to history.

Laud must always be a significant figure, were it only as a foremost actor in the greatest drama our people have played on the stage of history, and a pathetic victim of forces he had done so much to evoke and was so little able to control. He was, of course, a man entirely honest, of strong convictions, of clearly-conceived ends and well-defined means. The unfortunate thing was that while his ends concerned a nation, they were those of a sect, and his means were even narrower than his ends. He was meant for a Jewish priest or rabbi, but conscience and destiny made him attempt to be a ruler of Englishmen. Carlyle described him as "an ill-starred pedant," "a college tutor whose whole world is forms, college rules"; and Mr. Gardiner agrees—"in his mind the external obligation always took precedence of the spiritual conception. Uniformity to him was the surest propagator of the

[1] "Life and Times of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury." By C. H. Simpkinson, M.A. London: John Murray.

[2] "William Laud." By William Holden Hutton, B.D. London: Methuen & Co.

unity of the spirit." This means that his method was not so much Evangelical as legal; he believed in what Paul termed "the weak and beggarly elements," and not in the "liberty wherewith Christ made free." He did not see that his mode of securing unity involved the death of the spirit. This method of his, expressing as it did "an entire want of imaginative sympathy" with his own people in a supreme moment of intellectual, moral, and political activity, made him, as Mr. Gardiner well says, "one of the worst rulers who could at this crisis have been imposed upon the English Church." If he had been less of a pedagogue and more of a statesman, he might have saved both himself and his king, and prevented all the miseries and hatreds of the Civil War. To force uniformity upon a people who were engaged in discovering and discussing the fundamental principles of their political and religious life was simply to attempt to drive home a wedge by the wrong end. And the uniformity was too narrow and shallow a thing for a spirit so rich as the English then was; and amid the ideals that then ruled it he walked as one who did not see, and this want of vision his most recent biographers share to the full. "Blindness is happened to Israel." Laud's "beauty of holiness," his order and dignity and decorum in worship, was an empty and accidental thing compared with what his opponents aimed at. He was concerned with the Church, but they with the congregation. He thought of the place and modes of worship, as became a belated and strayed Hebrew, but they thought of the people, the spirits whose union in truth and faith was the sacrifice well-pleasing to God. The services of the Puritans to seemliness in worship have never been fairly recognised. They created what may be termed the congregational ideal, and made the first steps towards its realisation. They refused to regard the acts of the priests and the anthems of the choir as real or adequate worship; in order to that there must be the concord of all the people. And so they cultivated sacred song; their most eminent men, like Milton, tried to adapt the Psalms to congregational use, and even the Westminster Assembly made the preparation of a complete version a matter of special concern. But Laud saw none of this—never dreamed that a sublimer and more majestic idea of worship than he had conceived, or than his ceremonialism allowed, was expressed in the plain buildings and simple services of the Puritans. He went into Scotland and could see "no religion at all," just as Mr. Hutton, with equal insight and truth, describes "the antagonism of the Scots to the Laudian movement" as twofold: it "was too conservative in its foundations and too liberal in its outlook." This is more flattering to Anglican vanity than agreeable to historical truth. It does not strike this biographer any more than it struck his hero that the method of introduction might be too tyrannical to be suffered of a free people, and the thing too void of historical warrant to be accepted of an instructed Church. With singular veracity he explains the Scots' "uprising" as "inspired by fierce hatred against the royal power," and as "an aristocratic movement led by selfish politicians." But he had shortly before quoted Clarendon's words, that "the Scotch nation" loved the person of their king and reverenced his government; and as to the other point, it would have been truer to say that the democracy led the aristocracy, which, it may be added, deserted at the earliest possible moment. But this means that as from the eyes of Laud, so also from those of his biographer, the real man and the real forces that moved them are alike hidden.

But, to understand Laud's policy, we must see into his notion of the relation of the ecclesiastical to the civil power. Mr. Hutton says "he was no Erastian." Well, if he was not that, he was nothing. His statesmanship was but the application of the most thorough going of all Erastianism to a period that, of all periods, could least stand the application. He contended for two divine rights—the kingly and the political; but of these the kingly was the prior and fundamental. Mr. Hutton says, "Laud saw quite as clearly as James I. that 'no bishop' involved 'no king,'" and he approvingly quotes James further, saying, "Presbytery agreeth as well with monarchy as God with the devil." Of course, he is correct if the king be a Stuart, and the monarchy be the exercise of his divine rights, but not otherwise. According to the Puritan, king and presbyter and bishop were alike created by law, and bound to govern in harmony with the law that made them. In the one case, the people and its laws were the source of the authority; in the other case, the Church and its constitution. In a word, obedience was not to the king as person, but to the law as king. Hence, with a Sovereign on arbitrary designs intent, presbytery to its honour agreed as well as God with the devil. But in Laud's mind there were no such incompatibilities. Mr. Gardiner well says: "What he wanted was force to carry out his ideas, and that force he found in the king." So he magnified the king; declared him to be "God's immediate lieutenant upon earth;" "one and the same action is God's by ordinance and the king's by execution." His power was "not from the people," but it was "God's power as well in as over him." The royal was the source of the Episcopal power, whether "of order or jurisdiction;" it could be exercised "not in his Majesty's or any other Christian king's kingdoms, but by and under the power of the king given us so to do." Hence the jurisdiction of the bishop "came from the sovereign, as clearly as the jurisdiction of the King's Bench and the Exchequer came from him" (Gardiner). And Laud so applied the theory that religious difference became civil rebellion; if the bishop dealt with opinion, it was not as opinion, but as "rebellion and treason." On this ground the independence and apostolic authority of the Church were surrendered that by the help of a complaisant king uniformity might be secured. And in like manner men lost their ears, or were set in the stocks, because they differed from a Church so identified with the State that their religions became a civil offence.

We must be content with a brief word as to his death. It is easy to grow here pathetic or sentimental, but it is better to be just. Laud appears in English history more as a Minister and adviser of the Crown than as an Anglican Churchman; and it was as a Minister who had applied, in the most thoroughgoing fashion, his theory of the regal power to both Church and State that he caused suffering and was made to suffer. It was not as Archbishop of Canterbury or as man of religion that he came to his tragic end, but as the Minister of King Charles, who had not only threatened, but had even succeeded in suppressing the ancient liberties of free-born Englishmen. He was as much a civil statesman as Strafford or as Pym, and to seek to shelter his civil acts and responsibilities behind his ecclesiastical character is to do the gravest historical injustice. He chose his part wittingly, and he had no right, nor have his apologists any, to complain if his failure had its natural issue. We may lament the issue, but we cannot distort the facts. The man who was beheaded was not Laud the prelate, but Laud the Minister and chief adviser of the Crown.

In one region we have the means of testing the wisdom of Laud's statesmanship. He introduced the revolution that made Oxford the home of reaction. The late Mark Pattison described Whitgift and Laud as altogether "men of the narrowest views as to the nature and claims of the intellect, wholly intent on making the universities political tools, subservient to the maintenance of the existing state of things." And we need to remember this when so much is being said as to his services to learning. The men opposed to him numbered in their ranks some of the

greatest scholars of the English race. John Selden was even more eminent as a scholar than as a lawyer. Thomas Gataker was not only the finest classic of his time, but one of the finest England has ever produced. John Milton is the most splendid example of the scholar-poet we have ever possessed. And the universities they came out from fell under a fatal spell when the Laudian uniformity reigned. Their unheroic age is the age dominated by his spirit; and only as it has been exorcised has there come back, with the old intellectual freedom, some of the old intellectual activity. Learning can never live where it serves as the bond-slave of authority; and if, under an enforced subscription, the intellect still lives, it will be mainly in a state of masked revolt against its hateful servitude. In the things of the intellect, as in those of the conscience, freedom is the condition alike of knowledge and of order.

A LESSON FROM SAMUEL PEPYS.

HOW do men and women bear themselves in moments of grave peril and disaster? It is a subject upon which human curiosity is insatiable. Even to this day an enlightened public likes to read full particulars of the conduct and demeanour of the man who is about to be hanged—how he ate heartily at breakfast, how he looked as he walked to the scaffold, and what he said with the rope around his neck. And such curiosity as this is not so shameful as might at first sight appear. It is only the natural desire of human nature to realise, as far as it may, how a man is affected in a moment of desperate extremity. Nor is it concerning the misfortunes of individual men only that we are thus concerned. As we read of the tempestuous days of strife and revolution when nations have trembled before some earthquake shock, we have been filled with wonder as to how the every-day life of the simple citizen was spent at such a time. What went on in the households of Paris during the Terror or the Great Siege? Did men and women eat and make merry as at other times? Was there still love-making and marrying, and gossip and money-getting, as on ordinary days? or did the peril of the State so completely absorb all thought as to shut out other themes? These are questions which have engaged the attention of philosophers as well as of many who pretend to no philosophy. But they are questions to which an answer can seldom be found. Yet in the volume just published* of the new and full edition of "Pepys's Diary" we get, perhaps, more light upon this subject than was ever shed upon it before. This section of the Diary begins with the month of July, 1665, and ends with the month of September in the following year. Within that period London, of which Pepys was so shrewd and observant an inhabitant, passed through experiences the like of which it has never known since. That was the time when, as the old divine quaintly put it in the sermon from which Defoe stole his most graphic touches, "God's terrible voice in the city" was heard by every ear. When the narrative in the Diary begins, the great Plague is advancing by leaps and bounds, slaying thousands of citizens every week; before it is half way through we have a picture of the people of London gathering on the rising ground at Kensington to listen for the guns of the Dutch fleet, and to speculate upon the possible sack of the city; and it closes with the story of the Great Fire which laid so large a portion of the old town in ashes, and ruined no small proportion of its inhabitants. Never before or since have such visitations as these fallen upon London and its citizens within so brief a space of time. As we look back upon the calendar of history we see these two years written, as it were, in letters of blood upon the page, and we are filled with wonder and awe as we think of what those who lived before us in these streets of ours were called upon to bear. Pepys remained in or about London during the whole of that season of woe. He was an exceptionally shrewd and clear-sighted person. He was also "very human," the typical elder brother of faulty mankind. Day by day during these two years he recorded all that befell him, and now, thanks to Mr. Wheatley, we are enabled for the first time to read in full the story of his life at this time, and to learn for ourselves how far and in what direction the every-day existence of the citizens of London was affected by these dire calamities.

To say that the story which is told in this volume was an edifying one would be to fly in the face of the truth. But, edifying or not, it is extraordinarily vivid and instructive, and it sheds a marvellous amount of light upon the question which we propounded at the outset of these remarks. We see Pepys from day to day at a time when London, under the influence of the Plague, was in a state of panic, and we find that, although he was as nervous about himself as a man well could be, he was in all essentials unchanged, and kept up the ordinary routine of his daily life as in common times. We see further—and here we touch upon one of the darker aspects of human nature—that the fearful scourge which was devastating the city had the reverse of an ennobling or refining influence upon him. Pepys has long been notorious for the looseness of his morals, the gross selfishness of his amours. But at no period in his life were his amours more shameful or his moral standard more degraded than whilst the Plague lasted. It would almost seem as though he sought relief from his terrors in wild and disgusting excesses. Clearly, in his instance at all events, God's terrible voice had no purifying or elevating influence. The cynical audacity with which he makes confession of his sensual crimes is almost inconceivable. He is at times, it is true, filled with alarm when he considers his deeds. But it is only because in the pursuit of one of his victims he has been tempted into a plague-stricken quarter. Then, indeed, he is for the moment full of remorse. But the Angel of Death which strikes down so many better men leaves him unharmed; and, when once he is satisfied that he has escaped from the peril he has recklessly incurred, he returns to his wallowing in sin more greedily than ever. He sends his wife, "poor wretch," out of town, as he does not desire to have the care of a household on his hands at such a time; and then he takes advantage of the domestic liberty he enjoys to carry on his intrigues more freely than ever. All through the time of pestilence, too, he eats and drinks as in ordinary times, and makes note of any specially good dinner he has enjoyed. Nor do his pecuniary affairs interest him in any degree less keenly than of old because thousands are dying around him every week, and he knows that his own life hangs by a thread. It is a strange and revolting picture on which we look; but it is none the less one that teaches us much that is worth knowing concerning the inner life of a man in a time of sore necessity.

But all through the story, despite this extraordinary hardihood, we feel the shadow of the Plague. Week by week he notes the bills of mortality announcing their six or seven thousand deaths at each issue; and he makes his will, too, as befits a man in the very chamber of death. Life may wag as usual, and men may eat, drink, and make merry as of yore. But there is a skeleton at every feast, a death's head at every table. All the world has read in the earlier and less complete editions of the Diary the writer's graphic notes of the outward aspect of the city at this time—the deserted thoroughfares, the closed houses, the uncoffined corpses in the streets, the daily gaps in the immediate circle of his friends. What we have not been permitted to know before was the actual effect of these terrors upon the inner life of the man himself; and now that we have got

* "The Diary of Samuel Pepys," edited by Henry B. Wheatley. Vol. V. London: George Bell & Son.

this knowledge it cannot be said to tend to edification. Too clearly is it made manifest that though the wicked man be brayed in a mortar he will still rejoice in his wickedness. There are many moralists who believe that a visitation such as the Plague is certain to bring about a reformation of the afflicted community and to turn all hearts to God. A perusal of "Pepys's Diary" does not, it must be confessed, give countenance to this belief.

The story of the Fire, as it is told in these pages, teaches us much the same lesson. The man's selfishness, combined with a certain amount of ghoulish interest in the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures, and an easy pity for their bad luck, reveals itself in every line he writes. When the fire which lays so great a part of London in ashes, and brings so many of his own friends to absolute ruin, is blazing most furiously, he takes his wife and the women with whom he delighted to go a-junketing on water picnics, the better to view the scene, and is full of pity for himself because his usual houses of entertainment are closed. But when unexpectedly the flames turn in the direction of his own house, and he finds that the home of which he was so inordinately vain is likely to be sacrificed along with so many thousands of other houses, he tells a different tale. Then, indeed, he begins to understand what this great calamity, which has wrecked the happiness of the whole community, really is, and it is pitiful to read the record of his hopes and fears. To see your neighbour's house burned to the ground is clearly one thing; to have your own window-panes cracked by the heat is another and a very different matter. Manifestly the selfish man will be a selfish man still when the crack of doom sounds through the world and the solid earth crumbles into dust.

We owe Master Pepys a debt of gratitude the nature and weight of which he himself could never, in his long life of sordid ease, have understood. He has taught us how unfathomable are the depths of human selfishness. He has shown us how, in the moments of sorest peril for the city or the State, the mean man will still think almost exclusively of his own poor fortunes; how the sensualist will still be bent upon his own pleasures, regardless of the immeasurable woe of his fellow-creatures; how the covetous man will still be hot in pursuit of his own gain. Reading this strange record, we begin to understand the story of Sodom, of Babylon, of Pompeii, and of all the ruined cities of the world; and we are filled with renewed thankfulness for the lessons of the Master who has taught us that not self-seeking but self-sacrifice is the chiefest good.

ON A CERTAIN NOTABLE FIRE.

I AM sitting at the club-window where I write of a morning, by virtue of a constitutional usage now so well recognised that any of my friends who chance to saunter this way in the placid hour which leads to luncheon nod affably to me as they pass, assured by my prescriptive presence that all is well. They regard me as an institution, an immutable dial, a sort of Greenwich time, or a perpetual sentry arching an eyebrow with a silent "Who goes there?" This is the more comforting to them because they know I am musing on the affairs of empires, while a printer's devil is ensconced somewhere in the hall, where I shall rouse him presently from the wizard spell of a much-thumbed tale. I have begun the morning's operations as usual by glancing through the journals which do not belong to my party. What a pitiable spectacle they present! Do they seriously suppose that this concerted attack on an eminent statesman can confuse the real issues in the mind of any rational elector? How easily that familiar sentence trips off the pen! How vivid to my eye are the features of that rational elector who sits opposite to me regularly on these occasions, with the ballot-box in one hand and my "leader" in the other, while he registers each period with an automatic nod! . . . There goes Jones—he shakes his head mournfully. Poor fellow! he has proposed to the widow for the sixth time. . . . Do they seriously suppose that on this great constitutional question the democracy is to be diverted by a mere side-wind? Oh, those side-winds! How they caress the cheek of my rational elector, and toy artfully with the few wisps of hair which a single-minded devotion to the welfare of his country has left to him! Shall an unscrupulous faction trample on the immortal principles? . . . Here that visual corner which busies itself with the outer world flashes the image of Julia in a passing carriage, and I stagger the rational elector with the supreme question—"Did she smile or not?"

To me at this moment enters the hall-porter, a man of inscrutable visage and incredible memory for messages, parcels, and the coming and going of members. Without the least emotion he murmurs in my ear, "Perhaps you would like to know, sir, that the club is on fire. I have just rung for the engines!" Then he goes, and I gaze after his retiring form with a vague sense of incredulity. There is no alarm in the rational elector's visage. He shakes the ballot-box as if he were soliciting contributions to some hospital for the incurable. Smith passes—the exquisite Smith—with an airy wave of the hand, which means, "Keep the Empire going, old man; I'm off to lunch at the Café Royal." Fire! Could it have been a spark from Julia's eye? Would she immolate me when, like the Roman sentinel in Pompeii, I stand at the post of Imperial duty? This reminds me of my half-written article and the journals of the other side. Do they seriously suppose that, by inflammatory appeals to passion, they can kindle a blaze which will consume the best interests of the nation? Ah, here is Brown, the stolid member who devours the *Times* every morning, advertisements and all. "Fire upstairs," he says, sinking into the easiest chair: "flue in the library. Always warned the committee against the flues!" How ignoble! How characteristic of the recklessness which inspires the other party! Do they imagine for one moment that by igniting an insidious flue in an ancient Constitution they can effect a purpose which they dare not openly proclaim? . . . What a transformation in the street! A crowd seems to have sprung up from the macadam. The windows of the club opposite are thronged by people who might have paid handsomely for their seats, such is their eager expectancy. Obviously it is for me to dash their spirits by offering a spectacle of unruffled calm. I move my table nearer to the window, and flourish some sheets of foolscap ostentatiously. This attracts the attention of several spectators, who point me out to one another. Perhaps they think it is Nero scribbling while his club is burning. Do they seriously suppose that the fortitude of sound statesmanship is to be disturbed by a factious rabble seeking their own profit or entertainment?

A hoarse roar announces the arrival of the engines. I am struck for the first time by the impressive proportions of the firemen. They recall pictures of the Romans who carried off the Sabine ladies. Can this bulk be the symbol of a life spent in the heroic rescue of opulent charms from the flames? Helmeted men of prodigious girth seize the hose, and bound up the club steps like antelopes. Ah, those sinister journals of the enemy! Do they not see that the havoc of an inflamed partisanship is extinguished by the cold douche of political commonsense? . . . I hear the sound of waters rushing through ceilings; and presently the doors of the room where I am sitting are flung wide, and dripping waiters rush in with tables and newspaper cases, snatched from the smoking-room, into which the flood from above is pouring. I call to mind the story of a club where heavy metal fell one day from a lamp in the hall, and a member to whom the missile was shown by the agitated steward remarked, "*I hope it*

wasn't wasted!" If only the torrents now descending on harmless, necessary servants would anoint the heads of certain members, of whom I could furnish a comminatory list! . . . Still it comes, the fugitive furniture, till I am surrounded by a perfect barricade. Do they flatter themselves, those politicians in the opposite ranks, that there is no man to hold the fort against their nefarious strategy? Hang out our foolscap on the outer wall! I can see that the clubmen over the way are beginning to look crushed by my stout resistance. A drenched marker says, in awestruck tones, that there are three inches of water on a billiard-table. The miserable tide of intrigue will rise no higher, and the conspirators who have sought to overwhelm us with the cataract of calumny will find themselves stranded in the shallows of a fatal exposure.

As I end my article with this decisive imprecation on the foe, I descry the huge firemen trooping out through the hall with the air of giants who have been called to take a hand in child's play. The victory is won, chiefly by my inflexible resolution; but I bethink me suddenly of the printer's devil. He has plunged into the fray like the Minstrel Boy, and I find him on the staircase agape with excitement, and grimy with much fingering of the hose. He watches the departing firemen with admiration chastened by discontent, for if they had carried him out of a heap of blazing ruins the dream of his young life would have been achieved.

"Ten years ago," says Brown, in the middle of the collation improvised in the card-room, "I warned the committee against the flues. What you want, I say, on a committee is a practical man. And what sort of men do you get? Lawyers—Q.C.'s! What do they know about flues?"

"Any books destroyed?" inquires a new-comer excitedly.

"Only your valuable work on the cattle-plague, dear boy."

"Did you hear vot I vos saying about ze vire?" says a distinguished light of the Germanic Confederation, which is strong in our club. "I vos saying that ze club vould from its ashes like ze vot-you-calls-zim rise."

"Waiter," observes a wag, "cold roast fowl for Mr. Strumbalberger."

But, strange to say, there is a general disinclination to recognise the fact that the club owes its salvation to my heroism. My comfort is the reflection that the statesmanlike article which I penned in this extraordinary stress has averted a national catastrophe.

THE DRAMA.

"King Arthur."

An attempt, I see, has been made to synthetise Mr. Irving's later series of productions at the Lyceum by importing into them the idea of nationality. His *King Henry VIII.* and *Macbeth* and *Becket* and *King Arthur* have been brought into a concatenation accordingly by representing them as successive excerpts from English chronicle and legend; from plays out of Holinshed, he works back to a play out of Malory. This idea accords with the fitness of things; what is really our great national theatre is the proper house for a great national cycle of drama. Mr. Comyns Carr himself had, no doubt, some such idea at the back of his mind when he introduced into this play allusions to "England," her future greatness, her power over the seas, and hinted the suggestion that Excalibur was a sort of prototype of the sword of state still borne before the Sovereign at the Coronation and the opening of Parliament. The idea is ingenious, not only because it gives an air of logical sequence to proceedings of theatrical management which are probably based on considerations quite unconnected with logic, but because it lends a touch of "actuality" to a remote legend, seeming somehow to connect the son of Uther Pendragon with the burning newspaper-topic of the "state of the Navy." But, of course, this idea, ingenious as it is, won't bear scrutiny. Camelot, and Cameliard, and Avalon are not names to be brought into line with Runnymede, and Winchester, and Whitehall. Of nothing that is conveyed by the word "England" is there the slightest germ in the Arthurian legend. And to strike the patriotic note over the business is to be merely irrelevant.

Of all conceivable modes of treating this Arthurian legend on the stage two especially attract my fancy. One would be to present it on the plane and by the methods of a mediæval mystery play. The story should be taken straight out of Malory, and should be told with childlike candour, the crudity of sheer ignorance, a jovial, rotund familiarity. There should be no "psychology," no modern ideas of any kind. There should be no spirituality, no poetry; and the morality should be the primitive, polygamous, polyandrous un-morality

> Of a time
> That hover'd between war and wantonness,
> And crownings, and dethronements.

Arthur should smile—as he did in Malory. "King Arthur loved Sir Dagonet, and made him knight with his own hands. And at every tournament he began to make King Arthur to laugh." Dagonet should wear cap and bells, and, whenever the action flagged, should give his companions resounding thwacks with a bladder. Merlin should be as important a personage as Mephistopheles, but he should look like Friar Tuck. All the personages should be habited like the contemporaries of Malory's first publisher, Caxton, with just that added touch of fantasy (a child's fantasy—gilt-paper crowns, spangles for Guinevere, and the like) which the contemporaries of Caxton would have thought necessary to indicate that they were "dressed-up" for a mumming. The keynote of the whole should be *naïveté*, unconscious anachronism, art without perspective and in rude primary colours. And the result would be Malory in three dimensions, an antiquarian curio, a morsel for the dilettante.

My second mode would be on the scale and in the spirit of Wagnerian music-drama. The supernatural element should be magnified. Arthur and Guinevere and Lancelot should become colossal figures, archetypes, great forces of Nature personified. Arthur himself should have something of the mystic-divine, the *Parsifal* air. Guinevere should have a touch of the (Botticellian) Venus, and Lancelot should have taken some colouring from *Tannhäuser*. A profound symbolism should underlie the whole, so that the Arthurian legend should become a world-legend, and the Grail should comprehend all the ideals of humanity, and the passion of Lancelot and Guinevere should reflect the eternal problems of life and destiny. This would be to expand and transfigure Malory as Goethe expanded and transfigured Marlowe. The author of *The Tempest*, in collaboration with the author of the *Walkyrie* and the author of *The Vikings at Helgeland*, might, perhaps, make a fairly respectable job of it.

Needless to say, neither of these methods has been adopted at the Lyceum. The first is impossible, because a general audience knows little, and cares less, about Malory, has not learned the delights of historical dilettantism, and would regard a mystery play as a stupid sort of knock-about farce. The second method is equally impossible, because there is really no symbolism in the Arthurian legend, and no philosophical concepts greater than those to be found, by the curious who choose to look for them, in "Jack the Giant Killer," or "Sindbad the Sailor"; the symbolism and the philosophy would have to be brought in from outside—and, somehow or other, first-class purveyors of these wares have all retired from business. What, then, has been done? In the first place, the "book" has been entrusted to Mr. Comyns Carr, a versatile man of letters, and

a genial man of affairs, who has, at least, as much of the poetic faculty as consists in the knowledge of how many feet go to a blank verse, and enough of the dramatic faculty to enable him to get his personages on and off the stage without a collision. Mr. Carr has gone to his Malory and his Tennyson, and, like the gentleman you wot of who had gone to the encyclopædia for the articles on "China" and "Metaphysics," he has "combined his information." To be sure, he only confesses (in the advertisements) to Malory; but I am inclined to think that Codlin's the friend, not Short, and that his play is much more indebted to Tennyson. The sublimely moral, sublimely forgiving Arthur is right Tennysonian. So in all essentials are the Guinevere, the Elaine, and the Lancelot. So is not the blank verse. That, however, does not matter so much as you might think; certainly not so much as some of Mr. Carr's critics have been busy this week in making out. Ever since the drama ceased (under the Georges) to be a rhetorical art, the quality of the verse in an acted play has been a matter of comparative unimportance. The finest passages of Shakespeare, under the present conditions of acting, pass almost unobserved. I have heard actors gabble the verse, interpolate their own prose, miss the rhythm of whole speeches — while the audience have considered their efforts to be, what the elder Mr. Weller declared matrimony was not, "all werry capital." The action, the stage-picture—these are our present concerns, and, so long as the actor mouths something which is not altogether at variance with his gesture, the average playgoer is quite satisfied. And I feel sure that the inadequacy of Mr. Carr's verse will not appreciably diminish the satisfaction of the Lyceum audiences in *King Arthur*. At any rate, their ears will not be grossly offended; and for their eye the most exquisite delights are provided. This part of the affair is, of course, Mr. Irving's. Mr. Irving fills in the English stage the place filled in the French by the late M. Perrin; he is our great *metteur-en-scène*. To say that this talent of his has in the present instance only produced a series of processions with a "living picture" at each end would be strictly accurate; but then the procession and the pictures —the Knights of the Grail and the Queen's Maidens and the Vision of Guinevere and The Passing of Arthur—are signed "E. Burne-Jones." And merely in that signature you have the evidence of Mr. Irving's real strength. He not only knows the right man, but he is in the position—the unique position—of being able to use the right man. For what other manager in London would Sir Edward Burne-Jones design the scenery and costumes?—and Sir Arthur Sullivan write the incidental music? The music is appropriate enough, I should say—it is not my business to criticise that—but the armour, the silken robes, the scheme of colour, these are more than appropriate—they are things of incomparable beauty in themselves. Were the whole play in dumb-show, I would gladly sit it out for the sheer delight afforded to the eye by Sir Lancelot's steel corselet, quaint shoulder and leg-pieces, sleeves of white lawn flowing loosely from the elbow; the winding paths and whitethorn thickets of the wood, wherein the queen goes a-maying; the ravishing blues and greens of Guinevere's robes. Whatever of mystical and romantic can be conveyed through the eye, the quintessence of all the pleasure you have ever derived from the Italian Primitives, you now have at the Lyceum.

And the play, the action, the exhibition of character? Well, what did you expect? The triangle that has been the ground-plan of half the dramas ever written, deceived husband, wanton wife, gallant lover—how could that be aught but the triangle you know so well? The theme admits of few variations; there is no room for the "fine shades" so persistently demanded by the Misses Pole. Mr. Irving can only be deceived with dignity and undeceived with magnanimity; Miss Ellen Terry can only be wanton with girlish innocence; Mr. Forbes Robertson can only be handsome and "fatal" in his wicked wooing. Miss Genevieve Ward as Morgan le Fay, and Mr. Fred Cooper as Mordred (mother and son in this version), can only be the conventional first and second villains of the plot. I might go on to hunt up little epithets of praise for the Elaine of Miss Lena Ashwell, the Merlin of Mr. Sidney Valentine, and—but enough; *King Arthur* offers none of its players real scope. We need not trouble to remember who played it or who wrote it; its great point is that "E. Burne-Jones *pinxit*."

A. B. W.

VIGNETTES.

At the Certosa di Val d'Ema.

Oct. 20.—I sat on the terrace of the old palace, waiting for the coming of the rain-clouds. The sunshine was gone, and with it the city's witty sparkle; the sirocco's breath puffed warm and moist; and Florence, all ruddled and sullen, lay chaunting her ponderous notes of bronze.

Below, knee-deep in the yellow, straggling stream, a fisherman swayed his net, slowly straining the supple framework; and while I watched him, of a sudden, a fitful longing to see the place again laid hold of me—to see it, just as it had been last year, on that mellow September afternoon, all garnished with soft light, all fragrant with coquettish simplicity and pleasant, prosperous peace. And soon, as the sky darkened, and the rain-clouds—a sombre, swelling herd—gathered above the cypresses of San Miniato, I seemed to hear the organ's stately roll, and to perceive, through the obscurity of the half-darkened chapel, a crowding circle of white-robed figures. The chaunt of the church bells beat the air: all else seemed stilled—love and the quickening joy of life—and with a sort of childish inconsequence, bred perhaps of the curious, literary habit, I fell to envying them a little—those tall, white-robed fathers—their miniature rows of monkish gardens, and their solitary pacings beneath the pale-lemon cloisters. . . .

So I started to go there, rattling through the dust in the face of the coming storm. By the roadside, the grey olives matched the sky; all around, the vines hung delicately dying, drooping in tired curves their fragile garlands of pallid-gold leaves; and here and there peeped specks of scarlet, like lingering traces of some bygone *fête*.

But, before we had climbed the hill, the rain came—a deliberate prelude of monstrous drops; and a veil, as of grey gauze, blurred the white-faced villas peopling the hill-sides, and changed the cypresses to dim, spiky sentinels. . . .

It was Brother Agostino who came to the gate, greeting me, so I fancied, with a quick smile of recognition; then, before the groups of noisy village youths and raffish, Florentine cabmen, who encumbered the corridor, his features dropped back to the patient vacancy of habitual fatigue.

Over the tiled floor of the cloister-court rattled the dance of the rain; the great well, overgrown with rank grass, wore a forlorn, decrepit air; and a musty scent, as of approaching decay, floated over the vast garden.

In the chapel, a band of blatant Americans joined us, listening complacently to Brother Agostino's perfunctory explanations concerning the frescoes, the stained-glass windows, the exquisite tomb of the monastery's founder.

And the place seemed all changed: its fine distinction was gone; the old Certosa exposed to the hurried gaze of every passing tourist; and stern-faced Brother Agostino, footsore and weary, degraded to the *rôle* of a common, obsequious guide. . . .

Morning at Castello.

Oct. 30.—The morning's breath tastes cool and clean. The distant hills seem yet asleep, tranquil

and dark—a long, low, wavering wall. Above the plain floats a lingering, pearly film, and the air grows busy with a vague rumour of awakening life—the rumble of wheels, the cracking of whips, the plaintive whistling of far-off trains. . . .

On its way to Florence the early train swings by; hordes of brown-skinned, barefooted children sprawl noisily along all the street; the men lean idly watching the ceaseless tale of lean *barrocci*, lumbering, jolting over the crooked flags; and before every open doorway the women group their chairs, to sit at their straw-plaiting the long day through. . . .

Beyond, across the dusty-green of countless olives, you can see the glittering roofs of Florence, the *Duomo's* burly dome, and the pale outline of Giotto's tower; but it is rather the sense of old-world slowness, the continual accumulation of friendly, trivial incident, that makes the intimate charm of this suburban street . . . .

In the Campo Santo at Perugia.

Nov. 1.—The young moon hangs amid a steely sky; the land, empty and darkening, rolls like a billowing sea towards the Western orange glow; and high behind us the tall hill lifts Perugia's ragged silhouette.

Down the steep road they come—grave *bourgeois;* bands of brown-faced youths, chewing thin cigars; aged peasant-women, with faded, wrinkled eyes; chattering country-girls, gaudy handkerchiefs around their hair; toddling children; uncouth men from the mountains, sullenly wrapped in fur-trimmed cloaks, while, posted in rows on either side, the crippled beggars offer their dusty hats, and whine for charity in the Virgin's name.

Before the red gate of the Campo Santo the crowd surges; within, every alley is black with the press of people. It is the day of the dead. To visit the dead all the town is come.

. . . The pale specks of a myriad tiny lamps; the glow of garlands against the crowding slabs of snow-white marble, that mark the children's graves; the glitter of every small, spruce mortuary chapel; and the glad scent of freshly-scattered flowers. . . .

Death loses its squalor; and becomes something demure, sociable, almost gay. . . .

HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. OSCAR WILDE AND M. PAUL BOURGET.

SIR,—Your dramatic critic suggests that Mr. Oscar Wilde has borrowed what he calls his trick of topsy-turvy commonplaces from a M. Paul Bourget, and in support of this view quotes from a book published by the latter in 1890 a number of phrases, one of which is "*Rien n'est vrai que le beau.*" It may be worth while mentioning that on one Sunday morning in July, 1883, in Mr. Whistler's studio in Tite Street, I saw Mr. Oscar Wilde inscribe these words on a fan belonging to an American lady, each stick of which contained, or was intended to contain, something from the pen of a celebrity. All the other phrases quoted by your critic I have heard fall (in the vernacular) from the lips of Mr. Wilde in years previous to 1890, and the inference which I draw is that this M. Bourget must have met Mr. Wilde in Paris and been an attentive listener.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

7, Park Place, S.W. E. F.

SIR,—Permit me to point out to "A. B.W." that he is in error in stating that previous to 1890 Mr. Oscar Wilde had produced no play. He apparently forgets *Vera*, produced in New York in 1882.—Yours truly,

Dublin, January 14th, 1895. P. A. SILLARD.

ENGLISHMEN IN THE TROPICS.

SIR,—As one of the very few Englishmen who have tried the experiment of becoming a private resident in tropical islands for the sake of health, I venture to think that it may interest your readers to know that I have little doubt that Mr. Stevenson had "reached the end of his power of living" because his health was undermined by the smiling treachery (towards white men) of the Samoan climate. After the first years of improvement (more of comfort than of health) the invalid begins to suffer from melancholy or irritability, and, unless he constantly seeks the alterative of a cooler climate, his fate is sure—some vital function gives way, under the strain of constant heat, before he knows that he is really ill again.

I know an English lady whose general health appeared to steadily improve for several years of residence in tropical islands (with occasional changes to England); when she reached the climax of good-health, she began almost to fade away visibly in exactly the same air which had apparently done so much for her. Happily, she escaped further evil by a prompt return to England.

What invalids such as Mr. Stevenson need is a succession of residences in dry places, the temperature of which should not, if possible, be more at any time than 67° Fahrenheit. They should gradually accustom themselves to an even indoors temperature not higher than 66°, or even 64°. Then, by a little care as to clothing, diet, and exercise, they will never risk the change from being overheated to being chilled, which is their real danger.

In a tropical climate an invalid constantly gets overheated, and therefore risks taking a chill. If he flies to thinner garments for a remedy, he merely adds to his risk; and, to crown all, he is naturally tempted to bathe when overheated.

For health, a white man should never stay more than about six months at a time in tropical islands. This does not apply, of course, to young and sound lives.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

London, January 14th, 1895. HERBERT H. STURMER.

"THE PREMIER'S CRITICS."

SIR,—May I be allowed to point out that the writer of the above article in your last week's issue, while most properly condemning the general tone of the *Spectator's* remarks on Lord Rosebery's "weakness," falls into a slight error when he observes that the *Spectator* is "evidently unaware of the fact that a Prime Minister enjoys no social precedence." As Prime Minister merely, it is true Lord Rosebery enjoys no precedence beyond that of his own rank; but the Earl of Rosebery is also Lord President of the Council, and, as such, takes precedence of the entire Peerage, with the exception of Royal Dukes, the Archbishops, and the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.—Your obedient servant,

Ambleside, January 14th, 1895. J. C. SHEPHERD.

[OUR words were expressly intended to meet the case of the Prime Minister. We knew, of course, that the Lord President did take high precedence; but that had nothing to do with the argument affecting the Premiership.—ED. SPEAKER.]

MR. ROBERT WALLACE AND EAST EDINBURGH.

SIR,—I see that you have allowed "A Mere Outsider"—whose friendly tone in other respects I gratefully acknowledge—to inform your readers that "the Liberals of East Edinburgh have decided to oppose" my "return at the general election," and that I have "received what appears to be definite 'notice to quit.'" As a statement like this, made under the high authority of your columns, may be injurious in quarters where I wish my position to be correctly known, will you allow me to say that "A Mere Outsider's" intelligence takes me by surprise? "The Liberals of East Edinburgh" are a very large body, and I do not wonder that, after eight or nine years' experience of me, some of them should have come to the conclusion that a better man could be found to represent the constituency. Nobody will admit this more readily than I do. But I am fortunate in what I believe to be the fact that the number of dissatisfied Liberals is not great, and I was not aware that, such as they are, they were ready for the general election.

As to the mass of the constituency, I am under the impression that I still enjoy their indulgent approval. At all events, they have always said so whenever they had the chance. A year ago, in a crowded meeting of them in the largest hall in Edinburgh, I was awarded a vote of continued confidence by a ludicrously overwhelming majority. A week or two ago, in three crowded meetings in different parts of the division, I was awarded unanimous votes of "unabated confidence." Recently, the East Edinburgh Liberal and Radical Association—by far the largest, longest established, and most influential Liberal organisation in the division—did me the honour unanimously to reappoint me its honorary president, and I had the support of its officials and members on my different platforms. It seems to me that any "notice" I have had from the rightful authority has been notice not to "quit" but to "stay." But probably "A Mere Outsider" has later and better information than myself, who am a mere "Insider." If he will communicate it, I shall be

greatly obliged, as I desire always to reconsider duty in the light of new facts.—I am, yours truly,

ROBERT WALLACE.

The Reform Club, January 16th, 1895.

[THE authority of our contributor for the report he mentioned was obviously, if not avowedly, the newspapers, which stated that the Liberals of East Edinburgh were looking for a candidate to oppose Mr. Wallace, and even named the gentleman whose services it was sought to secure. As we believe Mr. Wallace to be capable of doing good service to the Liberal cause in the House of Commons, we shall be heartily pleased to find that this report is unfounded.—ED. SPEAKER.]

A FROSTY MORNING IN THE CITY.

FROM heaven's high embrasure
The sun with tufted rays
Illumed the wandering azure,
And all the world's wide ways.

Usurping in its olden
Abode the fog's demesne,
In watchet weeds and golden
The still air sparkled keen.

On window-sill and door-post,
On rail and tramway rust,
Embroidery of hoar-frost
Was sewn like diamond-dust.

Unthronged, or crowded densely
By people business-led,
The pavements, tuned intensely,
Rang hollow to the tread.

The traffic hurled and hammered
Down every vibrant street;
Like gongs the causeys clamoured;
Like drums the asphalt beat:

While ruling o'er the olden
Abode of fog unclean,
In watchet weeds and golden,
The still air sparkled keen.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

SIR JOHN SEELEY.—IN MEMORIAM.

A WELL-KNOWN Cambridge tutor once remarked to me that Sir John Seeley and the present Bishop of Durham had had more influence on the minds of young men than any other lights of the University in their time. Cambridge is supposed to be less under the dominion of ideas than its cultured sister, and has been less inclined (at any rate, in the present century) to favour speculative fashions and nourish distinctive schools of thought. But the historian who has just passed away and the mystic-minded theologian attracted disciples to an extent which has not been common in our unenthusiastic atmosphere. Their personal influence may be paralleled by the personal influence of F. D. Maurice in the same place some thirty years ago, and most serious and thoughtful men who have been to Cambridge in recent years would be able to trace something in their views of life to one or both of these sources of inspiration.

Sir John Seeley was a born lecturer, and understood exactly how to compress a subject into a given space of time and bring the important points into relief with a due sense of proportion. His narrative work has been less popular than that which arose out of lectures and essays. This was, perhaps, due to his selecting the subject of Stein, which is less attractive to Englishmen than to Germans. But, even when allowance has been made for "our insular ignorance," his Life of Stein, which he himself rated very high, is less brilliant from a literary point of view than "Ecce Homo" or "The Expansion of England." The lecture-room was the place where his strong and luminous powers were seen to best advantage. His mannerisms, which arose from a fondness for epigram and paradox, were very marked, and were often parodied by profane persons. But there was nothing forced or affected about them, and those who knew him best can bear witness that the style was part and parcel of the man. In private life he was gentle and courteous, but was always likely to surprise those to whom he talked with a quaint epigram. Once at his table, when the conversation turned on his royal pupil, the lamented Duke of Clarence, he abruptly exclaimed—"I lectured him on the Decline of the Monarchy in England." He always spoke well of the prince's industry and character, but regarded it as a part of his official duty to explain the nature of the constitutional struggles which fill our history. He was a decided Liberal in politics, but disliked Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. When Mr. Gladstone retired from public life early last year he welcomed the accession of Lord Rosebery to power on account of his imperial leanings, with which he sympathised. But he remained hostile on historical grounds to any form of Home Rule, and did not seem to regard the last Bill more leniently than the first.

Sir John Seeley was deeply impressed with the importance of religion as an element of national life. He respected all sacred conventions, however different from his own, and the fear of wounding the feelings of those who were near and dear to him was probably his motive in withholding his name from "Ecce Homo," the earliest and most popular of his writings. In his recently published volume on Goethe—one of the best appreciations of the great German that exists—he devoted a good deal of space to Goethe's religious opinions and his attitude towards Christianity. Not long ago I heard him repeat, in conversation, the majestic stanza in the "West-Östliche Divan":—

"Jesus fühlte rein und dachte,
Nur den einen Gott im stillen;
Wer ihn selbst zum Gotte machte,
Krankte seinen heiligen Willen."

As far as I know, Sir John Seeley never ceased to be a member of the Church of England, and would have opposed Disestablishment. Like A. H. Clough, he probably preferred the Church of England to any exclusive sect; but many passages in his writings might be cited to show how far removed he was from all forms of orthodoxy and dogmatism. Like many other Cambridge men of his generation, he admired F. D. Maurice for the holiness of his character as well as for the part he played in destroying certain popular accretions which formed no part of the gospel of Christ. I once heard him call F. D. Maurice one of the greatest men of the century.

He was always a great student of German literature, and took a great interest in German life and politics. In history his great master was Leopold von Ranke, whom he admired more than any historian since Thucydides. With the exception of Edward Gibbon, he was not particularly favourable to our own eminent writers of history He thought Lord Macaulay and Thomas Carlyle had made history too interesting to their fellow-countrymen, and had spoilt their taste for sober and colourless truth. He admired Thomas Carlyle as a prophet, but thought he had mistaken his true vocation in turning to history because his mind was unhistorical. He allowed that Macaulay possessed the true temper of a historian, but found fault with his unpardonable partiality. Most Englishmen agree with the late Edward Fitzgerald that "only lying histories are readable," and picturesque and romantic historians find more readers than those who are accounted trustworthy. The name of J. A. Froude was probably known to a much larger public than that of Sir John Seeley, and the authors of "lying histories" can, at any rate, plead in self-defence that history can never become an

abstract science like the integral calculus, and is inevitably affected by the sympathies and temperament of the writer. But Sir J. Seeley always strove to make history as scientific as possible. Like Thucydides he felt τὸ μὴ μυθῶδες would detract from the pleasure afforded to his readers, but took refuge in the consolation that serious history conveyed practical lessons which would help us to face the future. To put the matter in a nutshell, his conception was more political than artistic.

In his earliest book he emphasized the value of enthusiasm. Yet the tone of his mind and character, at any rate in later life, was more critical than enthusiastic. A writer in the *Daily News* has charged him with a want of humour and imagination. But he was really imaginative in the highest sense of the word, and showed the keenest enjoyment of all that was most excellent in literature and art. If he was not exactly genial or playful in conversation, he, at any rate, had a vein of quiet and gentle satire at his command, and would relieve his usually serious expression with a pleased smile at times. He was, perhaps, apt to be silent and reserved, but always had plenty to say when he had been drawn on to a favourite topic. He was not a very great reader of novels, according to his own account, but generally read the more important works of fiction as they came out. "Horrible beyond words" was his verdict on one of the most powerful and popular of modern French books, "Le Disciple," by Paul Bourget. Although he was very fond of German literature and thought, he did not much care for any German novels, and considered that form of literature foreign to the German character. Among English poets of the generation since Tennyson he cared little for Matthew Arnold, and especially admired Miss Rossetti, who passed away by the same tragic illness not many days before him. His medical attendant once told me he was not suffering any great pain and that he had seldom seen a more merciful case of the particular complaint which had been consuming him for some time. He bore his fate with a cheerful and courageous heart, and many will cherish an affectionate memory of his kindness as well as of his intellect.

E. M. T.

REVIEWS.

PROFESSOR ELY ON SOCIALISM.

SOCIALISM: AN EXAMINATION OF ITS NATURE, ITS STRENGTH, AND ITS WEAKNESS, WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR SOCIAL REFORM. By R. T. Ely, LL.D., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Wisconsin. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

THIS distinguished American professor has called down upon his head a storm, not so much of criticism as of invective, by undertaking, in a perfectly lawful and scientific manner, to estimate the strength as well as the weakness which belongs to Socialist theories. In the eyes of his critics, Professor Ely, an official paid by the Commonwealth of Wisconsin to train up its citizens, has committed high treason by his mild and candid effort to present Socialism in the light of a system not upheld merely by fools and fanatics, but due to prolonged investigation on the part of those who were competent into the laws which govern our industrial machinery. On his first page he was bold enough to quote Rudolph Meyer, who has warned the German authorities that once they might have stemmed the tide of Socialist propaganda by judicious reforms, while now it is too late. That warning the Western writer drives home; America, so he declares, may still count upon the chance which Germany has forfeited. But a great, though peaceful, development on the lines of the new—or shall we say of the old?—Christian philosophy seems to him indispensable and imperative.

There is, of course, no reason why, in the University of Wisconsin, Socialism, even of the type created by Marx and Engels, should be simply excommunicated, rather than examined into. Disputants in the middle ages—who are not commonly thought to have been overmuch liberal in their methods—were well acquainted with the fact that there are two sides to most questions. And if Socialism were a scheme merely of barefaced robbery, it would not have the large following which it now reckons in all civilised countries. What, then, are its proposals, and on what principles founded? The volume which has raised so many echoes undertakes a reply to these seasonable, and surely innocent, enquiries. Socialism, according to Professor Ely, has four essential constituents. It demands the common ownership of the means of production, so that private rent and interest shall cease; the common management of these resources, not for profit, but for use—and hence that labour must be furnished to all who are capable; that the income thus derived be divided by public authority, and, as most would now affirm, an equality of value distributed to every member of the commonweal; and lastly—though this, we must remark, is a position very insufficiently emphasised by most Socialists—that "private property in the larger proportion of income" shall be legally guaranteed, as being necessary for personal freedom and the development of individual character. In other words, Socialism desires to establish a legal order whereby the present haphazard system of production, which is regulated only by the concurrence of private enterprise, shall give place to a predominant scheme in which the means of production are to be owned in common, but the products increased and distributed fairly among all who have shared in creating them. Or, again, as Schäffle puts it with his usual clearness, the "system of private capital" is to be replaced by collective ownership, official administration wherever possible, and distribution "according to the amount and social utility of the productive labour of each."

Negatively, therefore, as Professor Ely shows in a series of readable and well-balanced chapters, Socialism neither aims at a general "dividing-up" of property, nor believes that the present limits of production cannot be greatly enlarged. It breaks the force of such special pleading as Mr. Mallock's in his "Labour and the Popular Welfare," by pointing out the difference between production for exchange—our economic *régime* of to-day—and production for use in a society having supreme dominion over its own resources. While insisting on collective ownership, it proposes to decentralise, and to build up the State by means of self-governing groups, which, by their interaction and wholesome rivalry, would extend freedom far beyond the limits at which it is now halting. History suggests that an industrial system upon these lines may well be the outcome of that immense revolutionary change by which mechanism has been substituted for the labour of men. Should the time ever come (said the old Greek) when the plectra might of their own accord strike the lyre, and the shuttle move of itself, then all mankind, the former slaves included, would be made free. That time has nearly arrived. Abundance, a thousandfold more than was thought possible, can be provided by machinery, by labour on a combined scale, in which guidance or control is the main human factor; but, so long as "the market" is the end in view, abundance will clash with private competing interests.

Now, it is in its assault upon the evils of private enterprise, which has rooted itself in monopolies created and upheld by law, that there lies the greater part of the attractiveness, not to say of the strength, which all candid observers will perceive in Socialism. Nowhere are these monopolies more conspicuous or more defiant than in the United States of America; and nowhere have the accidents of commercial development given greater facilities for

their growth. A significant fact noted by Professor Ely is, that whereas in 1855 New York City counted among its inhabitants only twenty-eight persons owning a million dollars, it could reckon in 1892 as many as eleven hundred and three. But still more so is the conclusion which this list supplies, viz., that the heaped-up wealth of which it tells the tale depends, for the most part, not on the exertions of those who possess it, but on monopolies of various kinds, and on the ownership of the soil. It is, in short, economic surplus, appropriated by law to persons who neither did nor could render back an equivalent for the huge donation.

All this Professor Ely sees and brings out in clear language, calmly, not passionately, and with the steady, almost indifferent, gaze of the scientific observer. But he cannot fail to conclude that a state of things in which only twenty-nine per cent. of the national wealth is possessed by ninety-one per cent. of the families lies a long way this side of Utopia. Will Socialism take us onward to the Promised Land? He does not say so; rather, he is inclined to say it will not. If all production ran up into monopolies, then public ownership and management would be preferable to the system now unhappily reigning. Where monopoly prevails, and is a success, the Socialist government would be still more a success. But look at agriculture. Can it be dealt with on this general method? Competition, again, has its advantages; and if authority were responsible for all the details of industrial undertakings, it may well be supposed that dissatisfaction, which must always be reckoned with, would break out now and again into revolution. The upshot is that Professor Ely draws a distinction between monopolies, natural and artificial—which he would have the self-governing groups take over by a slow but sure process of taxation—and other forms of industry less capable of such treatment, and therefore to be left in private hands. He recommends a social reform, passing at various points into State management, but in many others developing the possibilities and exalting the ethical duties of the private owner of capital. To the church, the school, and the club he makes his appeal, but he takes no pleasure in the ways of capitalist "paternalism." Reforms, Professor Ely tells us, must come from many quarters, and come they will. But the chief reform desirable seems to be a resumption by the commune, the city, and the State, of rights and revenues which individuals took to themselves in the good old days, when land was looked upon as infinite in extent and without value to the public. Again, he maintains, what may be described as the national services—means of transport especially—must become the nation's own. Government credit should be made accessible to the classes which stand most in need of security and old-age insurance. And, he adds, somewhat in an undertone, has there not been a little too much of constitution-making, of binding ourselves by dead parchments, in these democratic United States? A perilous suggestion! Still, given greater readiness to undertake the task of comprehensive constitutional amendment, even this may be set right in time.

If Socialism proves to be thus far a practical scheme, and the true way to deal with monopoly, pauperism, agricultural distress, and an increasing proletariat, it may philosophically resign itself to abating somewhat of its universal pretensions, as other systems have done before it, and be content to have furnished the principal though not the sole constituents in a fresh legal order of things. Professor Ely, writing with knowledge, with lucidity, upon a subject he has sympathetically studied, and in a spirit of goodwill to all men, has deserved, no doubt, to set his seal on these mature convictions by running the gauntlet of a criticism not wholly disinterested on the part of his millionaires. All that will make his volume better known, and himself an object of much kind feeling from those who have marked his contributions to economic science. As an introduction—full, judicious, and, despite these blizzards of monopolist dust, impartial—his account of the strength and weakness of Socialism ought to be widely read and not soon forgotten. It is easy reading, as we have said, but a deal of careful thinking has gone to make these pages.

"RIGHTS OF MAN."

THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS PAINE. Collected and Edited by Moncure Daniel Conway. Vol. II. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BY far the most Paine-ful portion of this second volume consists of the "Rights of Man," in which that powerful polemist fought his duel with Burke. Its first half (February, 1791) answered Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France" (November, 1790), and the second part (February, 1792) followed Burke's "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," in which he said that Paine deserved no other "refutation than that of criminal justice"; which he accordingly got—short, sharp, and decisive—being outlawed in the December of that year, while sitting for Calais in the French Convention, for a few of his paragraphs attacking monarchy, harmless as they read at the present day.

It was early days to be disputing in 1790-91 about the French Revolution, but even so the seer Burke proved himself the better prophet. In the "Reflections" he wrote:—

> "It looks to me as if I were in a great crisis, not of the affairs of France alone, but of all Europe—perhaps of more than Europe. All circumstances taken together, the French Revolution is the most astonishing that has hitherto happened in the world."

to which Paine rejoined:—

> "As wise men are astonished at foolish things, and other people at wise ones, I know not on which ground to account for Mr. Burke's astonishment; but certain it is that he does not understand the French Revolution."

When Southey was a boy, he heard the other candidate at Bristol make his speech of, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke."

Still, both Paine and Burke were in this passage of arms standing at opposite sides of the shield, and such must always be the case in great party warfare. Broadly, Burke laid greatest stress on the duties of the citizen; Paine dwelt almost solely on the rights of the individual man. And Paine would not allow Burke to be a reformer, because he rejected Gallican revolutionary violence. "You are aware," wrote Burke to him privately, "that I have all my life opposed such schemes of reform, because I know them not to be Reform." To which we may append what Lord Rosebery said—at Bristol, too—the other day (October 30th, 1894), that "the key to Burke's character was that he loved reform because he hated revolution, and hated revolution because he loved reform."

One of the main points taken up by Paine, and fastened by him upon Burke, was the inherent and indefeasible right of a people to order, and put in order, its own forms of government. Burke, in answering one Dr. Richard Price, had stated that the English Parliament had, in their joy at accepting the revolution of 1688, most solemnly by statute renounced and abdicated that right, faithfully, at that date, submitting themselves, their heirs, and posterities for ever. This spent shot Paine picked up, slung it, and made good use of it, denying this power of usurpation by a Parliament over the unborn. Here again, of course, Burke, fully sensible of the inestimable value of a settlement of a main question—by Act or otherwise—was right in the concrete; Paine indubitably right in the abstract, where, curiously enough, this very hard-headed debater almost always contended.

Hereupon, or hereabout, the editor of the present collection of Paine's writings makes the remark :—

"Those who suppose that Paine did but reproduce the principles of Rousseau and Locke will find, by careful study of his well-weighed language, that such is not the case. Paine's political principles were evolved out of his early Quakerism. He was potential in George Fox."

Here is news, indeed. It is quite true that Rousseau based his *contrat social* (thirty years before the "Rights of Man") upon this principle: that the sovereignty of the whole people is supreme and inalienable; but whence did he get it? Not from the Society of Friends! He picked it up where he wrote, at Geneva, in the Magna Charta of Genevan liberties, a Latin compilation of 1387, made for and granted by a prince-archbishop of that ilk, which franchise or charter, in its 78th article, recited that no disuse, no prescription, no contrary use or custom, could affect the privileges in question without the will and common consent of the clerics, citizens, and commonalty of the city. Sixteen years earlier, and even 105 years earlier, in the franchise of neighbouring Cruseilles, it had been recognised that although the disuse of their freedoms might last for such a period that the memory of man could not run to the contrary, nevertheless, they were existent and indestructible.

These general principles—just Paine's bone of contention—which can thus be traced back on paper to 1282, were locally confirmed in 1420 and 1444, and were of course ever before the minds of the people of Geneva—notably in 1734 and 1757 (five years before the *Contrat Social*), when the "representative citizens and burgesses" appealed to them. This is worthy the attention of all whom it may now concern; the natural right in question springs eternal in the human breast; Mr. Conway is welcome to believe that it was "potential in George Fox," but it was potential in another-guess fashion outside of him—centuries, ages before he was thought of.

It is entertaining to read this Sandwich stay-maker and Lewes gauger, Paine, confessing, at the age of fifty-five, that, before he took up those peaceable callings and became an advocate of the Rights of Man, he,

"At little more than sixteen years of age, raw and adventurous, began the career of my own fortune, and entered on board the *Terrible*, privateer, Captain Death. From this adventure I was, happily, prevented by the affectionate and moral remonstrance of a good father, who, from his own habits of life, being of the Quaker profession, must begin to look upon me as lost. But the impression, much as it effected at the time, began to wear away, and I entered afterwards in the *King of Prussia*, privateer, Captain Mendez, and went with her to sea."

Mr. Conway appositely quotes a last-century anecdote of the Dey of Algiers saying to the Duke of Kent: "Your father is the biggest pirate in the world, and I am the next!" But we have not given any specimen of Paine's own privateering style. Here is one about younger sons:

"By the aristocratical law of primogenitureship, in a family of six children five are exposed. Aristocracy has never more than one child; the rest are begotten to be devoured; they are thrown to the cannibal for prey, and the natural parent prepares the unnatural repast."

An excellent example of how not to *under*do it.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S DREAM.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL. By Joaquin Miller. London and Chicago: Elkin Mathews.

WHAT sign is it when the poets take to crying out, not only in verse but in emphatic though decorated prose, against the order of things upheld by law and custom? Always partisans of the ideal, and belonging to the city builded in the heavens which Plato saw, and St. John after him, they have in their day sung of kings and commonwealths, emblazoned in their flaming colours the great expeditions of man to conquer man, and shown themselves not at all averse to the passions and the rivalries whereof history is woven. But now, from Shelley onwards, through Victor Hugo, and down to Mr. William Morris, they chant a splendid if Utopian anarchism, leaving the former things behind. They are not even Republicans, in the sense dear to caucus and polling-booth; in America their disdain for the "equal opportunities" of bribing, plundering, and jury-packing furnished by the sovereign-people is writ large over many a satirical and biting page, so that literature, as distinct from that instrument of most varied use called journalism, almost glories in its place apart. What will Chicago think of this dream of the City Beautiful, published in the midst of its tumultuous traffic, its sand-tornadoes, and its demon-driven machinery of money-getting? But Mr. Joaquin Miller will perhaps ask in return, "What do I think of Chicago—a city by no means beautiful, a London without its associations or its history? That is the more important question, if poets and prophets do at length judge the world." He is right, doubtless; yet Chicago will not learn the lesson at first hearing.

This dainty, tender-hearted, thoughtful, shadowy story—an outline rather than a finished tale—with its recurring note of aspiration, its music always in the minor key, does not ask to be criticised any more than if it were a rose spreading its petals in the warm sunlight. Take it as a fresh bit of sky opened where the clouds were piled up, as a still small voice which we must bend our ear to catch in the rush and roar of the street, as some verse of the Bible set in golden fretwork above the heads of men who are struggling and battling below—let it be such a rare thing, not in its own place, yet having a sort of fitness by reason of the contrast, and you will be able to measure its meaning. The American poet looks for a Paradise in his Western world. He comes from dead kingdoms like Egypt, from the babble of tourists and hard unbelievers in Jerusalem, from muddy London and malarious Liverpool, and Paris, the City of Destruction; and he is ready to declare that we want a fresh Gospel, the deliverance of man from his fellow. But the new turns out to be very old; it is the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and the sum of these—unselfish love. Let it be no longer preached to idle, rich audiences, but make the heart of civilised society a living creed, as instinctively acted upon as the law of gravitation, and your mechanist, your mathematician, your city-builder, President and all others, will find that work means the fulfilment of the noblest ambition, as well as the exercise of all the talent they possess. Instead of sordid Chicago and fever-haunted New York, there is the Golden City—not where gold is coined or money made and lost, but where the most precious things are common, and the magnificence of temple and tower bodies forth a life in union with itself, clear, harmonious, fruitful, neither hurried nor envious, not the slave of competition, but producing for pleasure sake, and to increase the stock of good things, which all may enjoy. It is the communion of genuine "equal opportunities," understood and practised by Christians whose works grow out of their beliefs.

No one save a poet would have drawn so ideal a picture, not intending to laugh at the crowd, but thinking kindly of them, and wishing them well. His City Beautiful, with its railway-stations like palaces, its walls cleansed from advertisements, its wide spaces and cool fountains, its heavens unpolluted by smoke, and its horizons glowing with lovely colour, is, in the main, quite possible—and while we read Joaquin Miller we are astonished that men do not hasten to the building of it. Why do they not? Because they are mostly fools? Yes, and their fathers were fools before them; it runs in the blood. They have worshipped Mammon in the hope of a reward. How much of the reward they have missed this quiet little prose-poem will enable them to reckon. The tone is not that of Juvenal or

Swift. As in other American writers of a meditative disposition, here, too, we find a diffidence, almost a timidity, of which traces abound in Hawthorne, in Howells—by way, as we imagine, of counterpoise to the boldness and forward step which are thought to be more characteristic of our friends across the sea. This cultivated and highly-sensitive minority does, at all events, stand for the time which comes to nations, as to individuals, ere "capacities have become acquisitions," as Goethe says; and their musing reverie is full at once of ambition and self-criticism. The handling is subtle and delicate rather than strong; the thought enthusiastic, not deeply philosophical; the manner might easily be that of a woman, of one in whom feeling had gained the upper hand while reasoning was subdued by emotion. But many touches will delight, and certain of the arguments thrown out in a phrase will strike home. Our Californian singer—whose verses, graceful and sometimes vivid as they are, must yield in this volume to his prose—after seeing men and cities, has risen to the faith in immortality, in the supreme law of Duty, in the Beautiful which, at the same time, is pure; and he does not shrink from telling all the world his scarcely credible conviction that the age of marauding commerce ought to cease, and will surely come to an end. The man who attempts to found a moral and economic Utopia within sight of San Francisco is certainly not wanting in boldness. He will fail at first setting out—nay, again and again—yet who can dispute the principle here so poetically enunciated and dressed up in a taking parable, that better is the small city of great men than the great city of small men? To Joaquin Miller it seems that the woman will succeed where her masculine partner, still too little purified for a divine task, is likely to fail. Let them both, we say, read these chapters of a poem made with light, air, sunshine, and irradiated with much human kindness. Some day, if not in this shape yet in another, the poem will be acted, the fable realised, and the ideal justified of her children.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE EASTERN QUESTION. Speeches delivered in the House of Lords by William Frederick Lord Stratheden and Campbell, 1871-1891. London: John Murray.

THE Eastern Question, in one of its accustomed aspects, is again upon us. Chronic ill-treatment of the Armenian subjects of Turkey has culminated in wholesale murder, and Europe has been shocked by news which vividly recalls the Bulgarian massacres of 1876. Although the direct complicity of Turkish troops and officials in the crimes of Sasun has yet to be proved, it seems at least clear that now as then full responsibility falls upon the Government at Constantinople, which must have been able to protect the Armenian population. Again the best hope for a solution of the difficulty created by Turkish misrule depends on a frank understanding between Great Britain and Russia; but now, as was not the case twenty years ago, such an understanding is attainable.

The publication at this precise juncture of the collected speeches of Lord Stratheden and Campbell seems unfortunately inopportune. The old order has changed; the national point of view has shifted; we cannot now get back to the ideas which may have commended themselves in 1853. The Eastern Question, as it presented itself to Lord Stratheden, involved one main principle—the sustained defence, under all circumstances, of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. By this policy, Great Britain was to secure unbounded influence at Constantinople, and assuming sole medical charge, was gradually to effect the cure of the Sick Man.

"To defend the Porte is to control it. It is not any theory on my part. . . . If treaties are now observed, the ambassador would be capable of anything. He would appoint viceroys, organise tribunals, regulate finance, establish companies, overrule grand viziers, guide assemblies, restore ability to councils, and fling corruption out of palaces." (July 19th, 1877.)

This is certainly a sufficiently comprehensive programme, but one wholly unattainable except by converting the Ottoman Empire into a second India—a process which, even if otherwise practicable, would involve the breach of every treaty affecting Turkish territory.

The key-note of these many speeches is to be found in an abiding belief in artificial arrangements created by mere diplomacy. National aspirations, affinities, and repulsions—all the great forces by which history has been made—seem to be forgotten or ignored. Treaties usurp an authority which they have never yet secured. The disproportion of means proposed to results anticipated is amazing. It is plainly intimated that "proceedings to admonish Russia," whatever these may mean, would have sufficed to avert the Crimean war. A few speeches of Mr. Gladstone are alleged to have caused the campaign of 1877–8.

"In the eyes of all who analyse its sources, the present war has been created by him. To create a European war without being at the time the leader of an Opposition, or a Government, or a party, has hardly ever fallen to the lot of any individual."

This we may well believe. On the other hand, the mere assertion of an abstract opinion by the House of Lords upon the Identic Note of 1874 "would," we are assured, "be the very barrier to check and guard the oscillating Powers." The House was on this occasion implored by Lord Stratheden to regret "that no effectual step seems to have been taken to prevent or retard the definitive conclusion of a commercial treaty between Austro-Hungary and the Danubian Principalities." How Great Britain could possibly desire to "prevent or retard" such a treaty is, at first sight, puzzling; but the proceeding was apparently regarded as opposed to the traditional policy of upholding Ottoman rule. To this fetish, all the future progress and well-being of Roumania was to be sacrificed.

To Lord Stratheden the treaty of 1856 appeared to be a final and peculiarly sacred settlement, to modify which was rank impiety. It was natural, therefore, that the Gortchakoff Circular and the Conference at which Clause 13 was revoked should call forth his severe condemnation.

"No doubt could exist as to the duty of Great Britain in the Conference—namely, to make a strenuous exertion to preserve the restriction of the naval power of Russia in the Black Sea by which the security of Turkey was upheld after the war in the Crimea."

To Great Britain, remembering the blood and treasure poured forth before Sebastopol, this point of view was natural; but Prussia signified her adherence to the Russian proposals, and France was crippled. To maintain the clause meant one thing only, and Lord Stratheden himself does not seem to suggest that we should have gone to war, although his speeches give no hint of a valid alternative. However inconvenient was the course taken by Russia, it is impossible to blame her. The diplomatists who affected to believe that a paper agreement would suffice indefinitely to fetter the liberty of action of a great empire in its own waters and harbours, and to keep Sebastopol in ruins as a permanent memento of the Crimean war, made the obnoxious circular inevitable.

While thus the sanctity of treaties supplies the text of most of Lord Stratheden's academic utterances, the principle does not appear to be regarded as of universal application. Arrangements intended to secure the integrity of the Ottoman Empire are treated as inviolable; of the reciprocal engagements of that empire we hear nothing. When, with a view to avert war clearly impending, Mr. Gladstone urged an understanding among the Powers to bring united pressure upon the Porte, the idea is scouted as sacrilegious.

"The noble Duke (Argyll) demands aggression on the Porte. Might he not insist upon a war with Portugal? Portugal is a

not less ancient ally. Might he not require an expedition against Belgium? We are but bound by treaty to defend her. According to this system, when we have decimated our allies, should we proceed to act against our colonies? Would a campaign against the West Indies be sufficient for the noble duke, or would nothing less than a *coup de main* against the Executive and Parliament of Ottawa content him? . . . . These propositions are not much more violent than that which we have heard—and scarcely more unnatural."

The immunity of the Porte from all international obligations could scarcely be more clearly proclaimed than in these somewhat turgid sentences. The idea of a resort to pressure, by which the war of 1877–8 might easily have been prevented, evidently seemed positively wicked to Lord Stratheden. In his view, the abortive reforms of Midhat Pasha would have met all requirements; or, if not, the mere personality of an ambassador could be safely relied upon.

"If you really want to effect certain changes in European Turkey, the path is clear; the means are tangible before you. The British Embassy, when properly restored, has only to assert superiority to any other influence, based on your fidelity to treaties. . . . By going back to duty, you may reach the point the noble duke would gain; by moving forward to perdition." (February 20th, 1877.)

Quite consistently, therefore, in May, 1882, Lord Stratheden argued that "military occupation (of Egypt) would only be admissible if carried out by the Ottoman Empire"—a proposition which public opinion, in this country at least, rightly scorned.

Events have dealt cruelly with the forebodings in which Lord Stratheden liberally indulged. The Russian occupation of Bulgaria was duly terminated. The "independence" of Servia and Roumania has not proved "an element of conflict and a premium on rebellion." The treaty of San Stefano has been largely justified. The Three Emperors' Alliance, "that sinister, dark, and overgrown preponderance," has ceased to exist. Finally, an amicable understanding with Russia, for which, in 1877, Mr. Gladstone pleaded in vain, and which is here stated to be attainable only "by sacrificing all the objects for which our foreign policy exists," appears to be within a measurable distance.

The difficulties of the Eastern Question may be resolved into two—the mutual distrust of Russia and Great Britain, and the standing anachronism of Turkish rule. If the first can be overcome, the danger arising from the second can assuredly be averted. The statesmanship of the future must discard the *idées fixes* of Lord Stratheden, and, basing itself on legitimate national aspirations and the claims of civilisation and humanity rather than on the letter of treaties, it will find a solution compatible with the peace and progress of the world.

HOLM'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE, FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT TO THE CLOSE OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE GREEK NATION. By Adolf Holm. Translated from the German. In 4 vols. Vol. I. London: Macmillan & Co.

WITHOUT counting Thirlwall, who is little read, and Mitford, who is only read by philosophical Jacobites, there are now at least nine histories of Greece actually current in England. Grote will last almost as Gibbon has lasted: he is still new. Duncker, his eyes almost too keen in detecting the hidden, his grasp almost too wide in combining the disconnected, has become well known in his English dress. So has the brilliant and sympathetic Curtius, whose new editions advance with the advance of discovery. So has Duruy, with those most instructive picture-books; though Busolt, with his admirable erudition and knowledge of detail, is still left in his native German. In English, besides the familiar "Cox" and the two still more familiar "Smiths," there are Mr. Oman's able little history, and the two learned and highly-valuable volumes, which form all that has yet appeared, of Dr. Evelyn Abbott's. Now we are given the first volume of Holm. Is it wanted, or have the anonymous translators brought their coals to Newcastle?

It is wanted, not because the others were unsatisfactory, but because this is so very good. It is also considerably shorter than either of those which can fairly be compared with it—Curtius and Abbott. Curtius, in five large volumes, goes down to 338 B.C.; Holm reaches 323 B.C. in his third, and gives the fourth to the little-known and disjointed period between the death of Alexander and the battle of Actium. Dr. Abbott's book, which is turning out to be longer than it promised, is most closely comparable with Holm's, both in size and in inner qualities. Both writers are eminently competent to deal with the subject. They know their ancient texts, their inscriptions, their coins, and their archæology, and are abreast of the movement of modern theories; also, both are critics of a sane and sceptical intellect. They turn a deaf ear not only to Müller-Strübing (which we can all do), but even to the seductive promptings of their own originality. But here the difference begins. In Holm one is conscious of dealing with a single mind, which speaks clearly or doubtfully, but with a certain personal power, all through the narrative. Dr. Abbott often loses in grasp and spirit by letting his history become something like a series of rather disjointed transcripts from ancient writers. "Subjectivity," in the sense of arbitrary indulgence in fancy, is markedly absent from both books; but Holm is true to his own words (p. 40)—"Every history is subjective which has any life in it; and the history of remote ages is the most subjective of all. The reader even demands subjectivity, because he demands life." This gives the book a certain charm and power, almost like that of Curtius, or even Mommsen; but in the point where those writers are haughtiest Holm is particularly helpful. The notes and references which he gives at the end of each chapter are so masterly and so terse that a teacher using this book has the materials of his lectures almost ready to hand. In other ways one can see that the method of the book implies the existence of a teacher. "Piracy was not considered dishonourable in itself, as is shown by the well-known question addressed to strangers." It is for the teacher to say what the question was. "Bagaeus' mode of procedure seems to have been in the mind of Tiberius on the occasion of the assassination of Sejanus:" we have no mention of Bagaeus either before or after. After all, this is probably the best method to pursue: a brief history, if it is to avoid being lifeless, must be allusive.

Holm's allusions to other periods of history are frequent and valuable, though they have not for him the fascination of Charles I.'s head for Mr. Dick, or Home Rule for Professor Mahaffy. The comparison of Naucratis to "the Syrian ports at the time of the crusades with their Genoese and Venetian quarters;" of the conspiracy of Harmodius and Aristogeiton to that of the Pazzi; of Cyrus's politic adoption of Babylonian polytheism to Napoleon's great "*nous aussi, nous sommes Mahométans*"—these all serve to make the subject really a little clearer.

There is no striving after effect in the book; no factitious brilliancy or display of imagination. Holm's imagination is really keen and just. He does not lose his grip of psychological human nature. A good instance of this is his treatment of the Delphic Oracle and his criticism (chap. xix., esp. notes) of Curtius's famous chapter. Holm certainly wins the day. It is all the difference between imagination serving history and imagination writing history. Almost the only points where Holm's imagination seems inadequate lie in his handling of literary questions; his history here becomes wooden, and his judgment odd. He thinks the original Iliad and the original Odyssey were the work of one person! His account of men like Archilochus and Xenophanes is less interesting than

it ought to be. We also cannot but think that he sometimes underrates the strength of religious and superstitious feeling among the Greeks, as when he flatly calls the lending of the Aeacidae to Thebes "a religious farce."

Every translated book must, of course, be criticised as a translation. In this case the work is, in the main, very good. Germanic peculiarities are visible throughout, but the style remains terse and clear. The only serious faults are in the treatment of proper names; some of these are doubtless due to misprints, others perhaps to imperfect knowledge of Greek.

For instance, "die Edonen" represents *οἱ Ἠδωνοὶ*, and Dionysius the tyrant can be called in German "Dionys;" but here we have the "Edones" (p. 217) and "the tyrant Dionysus" (p. 372). "Tisamenes" for "Tisamenus" is a small though tiresome misprint; the alleged loss of Aristotle's "Politics" is a more serious one. It should, of course, be "Polities," "Politeiai" (pp. 139, 185). The "Athene-temple" at Lindus is called "the Athenian temple" (p. 345). Exekestides and The Dipylon have enriched themselves with aspirates on pp. 88 and 388 respectively. On p. 66 the bracket "[Aeolidae-Motley]" looks like a family name, especially in view of its context. Was the pretended Enipeus really the historian of the Netherlands?

The translation has the advantage of its date over the original. Much has been done between 1885 and 1894, notably the "Constitution of Athens" published for the first time; and the author's additions in this volume are numerous. There are constant references to the latest literature; and an English reader is glad to see the frequent and appreciative mention made of books like Mr. Ward Fowler's "City State of the Greeks and Romans" (1893) and Professor P. Gardner's "New Chapters in Greek History" (1892).

On the whole, in the judgment of the present writer, this book is the best short history of Greece in existence; and it is to be hoped that the remaining volumes—the second is the most interesting of all—will be produced as quickly as is consistent with the same careful translation and revision which the first volume has received.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY. By Herbert Greenhough Smith. London: George Newnes, Limited.

MR. SMITH writes directly and pleasantly, though both his title and his adjectives are hackneyed. He has strung together the lives of a motley collection of heroes and adventurers, and may be the means of teaching small boys that the profession of a highwayman is not the only road to fame. The doughty deeds of Prince Rupert, of Bayard, and of Marino Faliero are told in a refreshing tone of credulity. Take this of Rupert's boyhood:—

> "Rupert and some companions outstripped the rest of the party, and became lost to sight. When the company reached the spot where they had vanished, nothing was to be seen but a pair of boots sticking out of a hole in the bank. The astonished hunters pulled at the boots, and presently pulled out the Prince, the Prince pulled out the hound, and the hound pulled out the fox."

What boy could read that without becoming forthwith a Cavalier? Then there is Masaniello, with a tendency to revolution of the good old-fashioned kind, and Casanova for the blackguard pure and simple. Lithgow and Lochiel do duty for the Lowlands and the Highlands, and the former was a wanderer well worth remembering. Vidocq brings us down to more common earth and less high-worded times. The most ingenious boy will hardly be able to repeat his prison escapes under the rule of Sir Edmund du Cane. But perhaps the best story in the book is that of Benyowski, who had all the courage, all the extravagance, all the bad luck, and all the exaggeration of the Polish race. The man who went to Madagascar as the agent of France, got the people to recognise him as the rightful but long-lost king of the ruling tribe, and then started for Europe as a monarch to arrange independent alliances, excelled even our own O'Donovan. M. Le Myre de Vilers might learn something from the story of Benyowski. Perhaps M. de Vilers would reply that Benyowski wrote his own story, and that Benyowski was a liar; but it is not in that spirit that one ought to approach Mr. Smith's book. Taken uncritically, the book is not bad reading, even for adults.

FICTION.

MAJESTY. By Louis Couperus. (Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos and Ernest Dowson.) In 1 vol. London: Fisher Unwin.

THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND. A Story of the Wild North-West. By John Mackie. In 1 vol. London: Fisher Unwin.

THE OTHER BOND. By Dora Russell. In 1 vol. London: Digby, Long & Company.

"MAJESTY" is not the least striking of the works of Louis Couperus. If we were to regard it merely as an example of the novel of society, the novel in which real places and real people are concealed beneath a kind of cryptogram, it would be an infinitely entertaining volume. Couperus mixes his colours with brains. He does not dwell apart, as is the fashion with some novelists, nor does he satisfy himself with studying the pathology of a single little sect or clique, as is the way with many of our new writers. Evidently he reads his newspaper, keeps his eye open to the greater movements of his time, and, before he generalises, sweeps the whole horizon with his glance. The result is that in "Majesty" he has written a novel which many credulous readers will accept as a revelation of the inner life of certain royal families known by name to all of us. For Lipara such persons will read St. Petersburg, for Gothland, Denmark, and so forth, and so forth. But Couperus has been clever enough to elude those who would decipher his cryptogram. He has painted Majesty in the general, and those who wish to find in his picture a portrait of the particular must be content to trust to their imaginations. The work seems to us to be one of singular power, seeing that the novelist has been compelled to project himself into a sphere of the inner side of which he can have had no personal experience, and that, in spite of this drawback, he has produced a very vivid, interesting, and realistic study. There is no need to tell the plot of the book, for of plot there is very little. The hero is the Crown Prince of Lipara, who may either be a Czarevitch or a German Prince Imperial. Whatever may be his real position in the world, he is an unhappy youth, born to the terrible heritage of a throne and conscious of his own unfitness for the task which Fate has imposed upon him. He is a Crown Prince of the modern type, liberal and enlightened, burdened with a strong sense of duty, and with a genuine affection for the mighty nation over whose fortunes his will is some day to be supreme. His father is a man of another type, the stern, self-reliant despot, who has an absolute belief in his own absolute power; and, unfortunately, the emperor does not love his elder son. He has fathomed his weakness, and thinks that his younger boy, Prince Berengar, would make a better ruler. It is the story of the youth and disillusionment of the Crown Prince that is told in these pages. Brought up with the greatest care in the seclusion of the palace, he knows nothing of love until he meets the Duchess of Yemena, a beautiful woman old enough to be his mother. To her wiles and charms he succumbs, and she becomes, for a time, his mistress. Their relations are sketched by Couperus perhaps with undue minuteness, but with not a little skill and knowledge of human nature, the pangs of shame the young Crown Prince suffers whenever he meets the Duke, whose honour he has betrayed, being not the least

characteristic touch in the story. It is partly with a view to breaking off this connection that the Emperor decides that the Crown Prince shall marry. Accordingly he is sent to the home of his aunt, the Queen of Gothland, and at the sea-side palace—the description of which is, by the way, admirable—he meets the Austrian Archduchess, who is his destined bride. The knowing ones may, if they please, discover in the story of this residence at the Gothland Summer-Palace a description of life at Fredensborg, when the late Czar and his household joined the family-circle of the King of Denmark for their summer holiday. The Archduchess has had a love-affair of her own, and is no more disposed to marry the Crown Prince than the Crown Prince is to marry her. Each pities and esteems the other, but neither desires to wed. Accordingly, the Crown Prince returns to Lipara more than ever dissatisfied with life, and more than ever afraid of the task which will lie before him when he ascends the throne. So strongly does he shrink from this that he resolves to abdicate his heirship in favour of his younger brother, the little Prince Berengar. His father receives the announcement of his intention with an outburst of terrible passion, and the unhappy young man, spurned and scorned by the parent who does not love him, tries to shoot himself in the Emperor's presence. It is at that tragical moment that both are suddenly summoned to the death-bed of little Berengar, the Emperor's favourite child. His death imposes upon the Crown Prince the necessity of renouncing all thoughts of abdication. There is no one now in whose favour he can abdicate. So he picks up the broken thread of his life, marries the archduchess, and resolves to do his duty. He is stimulated to his task by the assassination of his father. Henceforward the weakness which had troubled him in his youth is, at least, concealed from the outer world, and he and his wife, alone in their isolated glory, learn to comfort one another where they cannot love. We lay down the powerful and pathetic tale, feeling afresh the tragical sadness of the lives of those who are born to crowns.

A delightful story is "The Devil's Playground," one of those books which come like a refreshing shower of rain upon the arid brain of the surfeited critic. It is a story of adventure, in which outlaws, blizzards, and prairie fires play their accustomed part, and play it admirably, holding the reader breathless from page to page. Mr. Mackie evidently knows the ground and the life of which he writes, and incident after incident follows in rapid succession, each told with skill and spirit. But "The Devil's Playground" is more than a mere tale of adventure. The plot is woven around a man and a woman, each of whom believes with reason that the other is a traitor. These two were once betrothed, but now they meet in the far North-West, one as a homeless and moneyless wanderer, and the other as Mrs. Tredennis, the wife of a wealthy Englishman, who is temporarily sojourning in that wild and lonely region. When Travers, the ragged wanderer, whom her husband has given work upon his ranche, first meets Mrs. Tredennis, the latter is amazed to find that, so far from feeling any shame for his desertion of her in the past, it is he who thinks he has been wronged, and who turns from the woman who is now his employer's wife with unconcealed bitterness and contempt. The story of these two, and of their relations with each other in their new position, is every bit as interesting as the more exciting adventures in which, in common with others, they take part. At one point it seems, indeed, as though the tale were about to have a commonplace and tragical ending, for it is certainly not the fault of Mrs. Tredennis that Travers does not again become her lover. But we are happily spared the tragedy, and no shadow is cast across a tale that is as bright and wholesome as it is full of spirit and interest. We can recommend it unreservedly to those whose taste in fiction is still healthy and unspoiled.

Unhappy marriages are unquestionably too common in everyday life, but we sincerely trust that they are not so common as might be supposed from a perusal of "The Other Bond." A great many persons are married in the course of the story, but in every case the marriage is what the world euphemistically describes as "unfortunate." On the opening page we are introduced to an unhappy wife who, having eloped with a worthless adventurer, and been, in consequence, disowned by her father, now finds herself wedded to a common thief. It is the son of this ill-assorted union who is the hero of the tale. His matrimonial experiences are not more fortunate than his mother's. Having obtained work, after his mother's death and his father's flight from justice, in some provincial iron-works, he attracts the attention of the elderly and very unattractive daughter of the senior partner. Miss Mitchell, the lady in question, offers to lend him ten thousand pounds, the greater part of her private fortune, on condition that he promises to marry her whenever her father dies. Armed with this money, he succeeds in obtaining a partnership in the iron-works, and rises so quickly that, whilst still a young man, he becomes member for Herberton. In the meantime, he has gained the friendship of Sir Airan Gage, a neighbouring country gentleman, and has lost his heart, despite his obligations to Miss Mitchell, to Sir Airan's only child and heiress. He makes a vigorous attempt to get free from his engagement to the senior partner's daughter, but that sour spinster holds him to his bond, and he is compelled to marry her, only to find that she has long been a secret drunkard. This marriage is bad enough, but it is the immediate cause of two others which are still worse. Mr. Mitchell, furious at the conduct of his daughter, determines to punish her by marrying again. He accordingly selects as his bride the prettiest girl in Herberton, who is young enough to be his daughter, and is in love with an honest bank clerk. This child he literally buys, with quite unnecessary coarseness, from her father, who is on the brink of ruin, thereby breaking the heart of the bank clerk and destroying the happiness of the young beauty. Then Miss Gage, whose feelings have been deeply wounded by the treatment she has received from the young member for Herberton, throws herself away upon a dissolute peer, and makes unhappy marriage number three. It can hardly be necessary to pursue this interesting tale through its various cheerful ramifications. Everything, of course, comes right in the end, though not until murder, madness, and sudden death have been allowed to play their parts in untying the knots which have been so heedlessly formed. We presume the book must have been intended to illustrate Mr. "Punch's" famous advice to persons about to marry.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

EVERYBODY who has read "The Cruise of the *Falcon*" is aware that Mr. E. F. Knight possesses uncommon powers of vivid description, and in "Rhodesia of To-day" they are turned to admirable account in a glowing picture—which the Stock Exchange will appreciate—of the modern El Dorado of South Africa. The book is avowedly written for the guidance

* RHODESIA OF TO-DAY: A DESCRIPTION OF THE PRESENT CONDITION AND THE PROSPECTS OF MATABELELAND AND MASHONALAND. By E. F. Knight, author of "Where Three Empires Meet," etc. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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THE MAKING OF THE ENGLISH NATION, B.C. 55—1155 A.D. By C. G. Robertson, B.A. The Oxford Manuals of English History. London, Glasgow, and Dublin: Blackie & Son.

LEAN'S ROYAL NAVY LIST. By Lieut.-Colonel Francis Lean. London: Witherby & Co.

THE CONGREGATIONAL YEAR-BOOK, 1895. London: Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.

THE BAPTIST HANDBOOK FOR 1895. London: Veale, Chifferiel & Co., Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane.

of those "sanguine adventurers who are at present flocking into what was once the kingdom of Lobengula." It opens with a description of the present condition and attitude of the natives in Mashonaland and Matabeleland. During seven months of last year, or, in other words, for nearly the whole of the rainy season and a considerable part of the dry, Mr. Knight was travelling through the length and breadth of the country. He entered it by way of Tati and Buluwayo, and, after a zig-zag journey of twelve hundred miles, struck the coast at Beira. He declares that the Matabele War has produced an excellent effect in Mashonaland, and he adds that whilst he was at Fort Salisbury deputations of head men came in from all parts of the country to thank Captain Duncan, the Administrator, for "all the blessings which the Chartered Company's victories had brought to their people." One of the "blessings" takes the form of an inhabited house duty, for the Company is gradually imposing on the natives throughout both Mashonaland and Matabeleland a hut tax of ten shillings a year, which, Mr. Knight calmly assures us, is a very cheap price for them to pay for the not disinterested "protection" which they now enjoy. The Matabele have always been splendid warriors, but work they regard as tame fun, and—like a good many white men—they always shirk it whenever they can. The Mashonas, on the contrary, are more inclined to eat the leek and shoulder the spade, and as they prefer to keep what little money or cattle they possess, this hut tax of ten shillings a year is developing amongst them a spirit of self-help, and they are volunteering to give labour instead of money, and are flocking to the Beira railway construction works to dig and delve the tax away. The native, to put it briefly, is getting on to the treadmill of drudgery with as much alacrity as can reasonably be expected, and in the twentieth century his war-paint and feathers, bravery, and beads will be only a memory, for he will be a fully-fledged conscript of toil. As to the climate of Rhodesia there is no doubt a great deal of truth in the assertion that men die of whisky, and their friends charitably call it fever, but it is plain enough that it is not a country for people of shattered constitutions, especially if they cannot exist without the fire-waters which play havoc with the strongest under tropical conditions. The High Veldt is healthy, and along it the chief roads of the country are carried. Mr. Knight believes that fever will gradually cease to be a scourge when the white population is properly housed. The richness of the soil of Rhodesia is apparent at a glance in the luxuriance of the vegetation, and a great portion of the Matabele High Veldt—the region in which Lobengula used to graze his vast herds of cattle—is uncommonly well-adapted for farming. Mr. Knight explains at some length and in glowing terms—which we at least are inclined to accept with a pinch of salt—the gold fields of the Chartered Company, and that which he saw of the glittering wealth of auriferous quartz. Much other information of an explicit kind is neatly packed into this lively little book of a hundred and fifty pages, and it only remains to add that, like the spies of Biblical renown, Mr. Knight has come back with a glowing account of this modern land of promise.

We are not surprised to find that the appearance of Professor Drummond's recent book on "The Ascent of Man" has been followed by the demand for a third edition of the late Dr. Campbell Finlayson's masterly and trenchant critique on Mr. Drummond's more famous book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Dr. Finlayson was a well-known Congregational minister in Manchester, whose death, in the prime of life, two years ago, was a distinct loss to philosophy as well as the pulpit. The essay and criticism, entitled "Biological Religion," is a model of clear exposition, calm but conclusive reasoning, and, it is scarcely too much to say, that it shattered the central position of the book on which it was based. Dr. Finlayson held fast to a hope that transcended the mere analogies of Nature. In "Biological Religion" Dr. Finlayson refuses to make the Divine action in the world of matter the standard of such action in regard to men made in the Divine likeness. The present edition is merely a re-issue of the last, which, as a matter of fact, has been out of print since 1888.

"The Royal Guide to the London Charities," which the late Mr. Herbert Fry at one time compiled, is now edited by Mr. John Lane, and the thirty-first annual edition is before us. The manual places the London charities in alphabetical order, states when they were founded, gives their address, explains the objects for which they exist, reports their annual incomes and the number of persons benefited, and adds the name of the official to whom applications for aid and information are to be made At the present moment most of the hospitals and charitable institutions of London are crippled by the lack of adequate revenue. Guy's Hospital, for instance, has now an annual net income of only £21,000, or about half what once was its annual revenue. During the last twelve months there were 6,160 in-patients and 56,832 out-patients who received medical assistance from this institution alone. The arrangement of the book is excellent, and it is possible to find in tabular form statistics concerning the work and need of all the charitable institutions, great and small, of the metropolis.

"The Making of the English Nation" is the title of a new series of Oxford manuals of English History, edited by Mr. C. W. Oman, Fellow of All Souls. This opening monograph covers the period between Celtic and Roman Britain and the reign of Henry I. It is written with great clearness and with abundant knowledge, and is intended for the use of middle and upper forms in schools. Mr. Robertson has caught the salient points of the story with uncommon skill, and though there is, of course, no room for word-painting in such a volume, he contrives to write in an interesting manner. Mr. W. H. Hutton, Mr. G. H. Wakeling, Mr. A. Hassall, and other resident members of the University have undertaken to write companion volumes, and the series promises to be of real value to those who are engaged in teaching English history in schools.

Colonel Lean's "Royal Navy List" has now been established as a quarterly journal for seventeen years, and its characteristics as a work of reference have given it a place of authority in naval clubs, libraries, and mess-rooms. One new feature has been added which is sure to prove welcome to officers of the Royal Navy. The regiments of the Army, Colonel Lean points out, are permitted for all time to wear on their colours and accoutrements, as well as to have appended to their numbers in the Army List, the names of the great engagements in which they have taken part, but there is no such record of the famous battleships of the Royal Navy. The names of ships have, however, been handed down from the days of the Armada, for the *Victory*, *Revenge*, and *Triumph* were the three flag-ships in that memorable fight, and they are still represented in the British Fleet. Wherever, therefore, there is a record attached to the name borne by any ship, such achievements are now stated in connection with that vessel—in other words, the services of famous men-of-war are identified with their modern namesakes. It is urged that such victories should be emblazoned on the ship itself as well as entered in the Navy List.

Amongst other statistical manuals published within the last few weeks are "The Congregational Year-Book" and "The Baptist Handbook." Both volumes are packed with information concerning ministers, churches, colleges, schools, and institutions. They also contain biographical sketches of ministers who have died within the last twelve months, and in many cases portraits are given.

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